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EDITORIAL

Get the food and forget the political ballyhoo

FEW POLITICAL ARGUMENTS have annoyed and confused the British public more than the one about bulk purchase of imported food. And the public's instinct to resent having its food supplies fought over in the political arena is understandable.

Nothing matters to housewives but to be able to buy enough food for their families at reasonable prices. It would be fine if food never had to be mentioned in Parliament at all! But, to achieve that, this country would have to be part of an ideal world in which there were no shortages and no big financial problems.

We are a long way from enjoying such a world—and therefore it is all the more important to temper political fury with common sense when discussing our food.

Britain still needs to import more than forty per cent of her food, some of it from hard-currency countries.

It is mainly because of this need—which affects Britain far more than any other west European country—that we are still rationed for meat, sugar, fats and tea.

And because these foods are rationed, the ration must be honoured every week. There must be no insecurity in the supply. Whenever a housewife enters the grocer's or butcher's shop carrying her family books, the food must be waiting in exchange for her coupons. That is the essence of any successful rationing system.

So the Government, which decrees what our rations shall be in the light of its knowledge of world food conditions, must be responsible for seeing that these rations are honoured.

BEING thus responsible, the present Government has insisted that it should itself find the food—by bulk purchase from overseas. Only in that way, says the Food Minister, can he be sure both of keeping enough food in the country, and of being able to adjust rations accurately to meet changes in supplies.

Also, there are secondary reasons why the Government wishes to do the basic food buying for everyone. One is the food subsidies; another is price control in the shops.

If our Government, as at present, is spending yearly £410 million of the taxpayers' money on cheapening food to the housewives, it naturally wants to control as far as possible the wholesale prices paid for that food. Otherwise the amount of the subsidies might have to vary wildly, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer would never know how much money he was expected to provide.

For these and other reasons, clearly Government bulk purchase of some foods is necessary at some times, especially under the present system of subsidies, price control, and rationing of basic foods.

Of course, bulk purchase has serious drawbacks as well as advantages. Sometimes it is sure to lose money. For example, if the Food Ministry, to ensure our supplies, contracts to buy meat for several years ahead at a fixed price, and then the world price of meat falls, this country will have to go on paying rather too much for its meat, and the Government will get the blame.

On the other hand, if the world price goes up, we shall be sitting pretty—though it is doubtful whether anybody would bother to congratulate the Government! But the chance of making or losing money on long-term contracts is, after all, a normal business risk.

UNFORTUNATELY, because State trading is part of the regular policy of the Labour administration, it has come under fierce party fire from the Opposition.

In truth and practice, there is very little difference between the two sides on bulk purchase. Whatever Government is in power would have to continue buying essential foods in bulk until it was quite sure that abundant supplies could be brought into the country through ordinary channels.

The main political difference is that the Conservative Party, representing the business world, is anxious to restore rapidly to private traders the opportunity of doing their own buying and selling.

So the real quarrel is not about bulk purchase as such—but how long it must continue, and in respect of which foods it shall end first.

Meanwhile, all the people want is to get their food. They do not care greatly whether, on one side, "a horde of bureaucrats" is making plans, or on the other side "a horde of middlemen" is making profits.

The great thing is to cut out the propaganda and to use common sense in the application of bulk purchase to ensure fair play and full baskets for housewives. All the rest is just political ballyhoo.

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FREE SPEECH

A teenager protests

I AM EIGHTEEN YEARS OLD and sick of hearing about teenagers — problem teenagers, smug and boastful teenagers, obnoxious schoolboy teenagers, silly American teenagers and all the lot. Please don't group us all together as "this dreadful modern generation."

We were born in the peaceful thirties when the old-fashioned type of school had gone and the ridiculous child psychology cult had not yet been started. We got the happy medium: nice modern schools with no misery and no nonsense. During the war we learnt from experience to despise selfishness, wastefulness and brutality — and to respect our elders. As for juvenile delinquents, they are just boys and girls with nasty characters. It's time we teenagers crept humbly out of the limelight. Many of us would be only too glad to.—MISS P. N., Blackpool.

In Defence Of The Docker

DENNIS HOLMAN'S EXCELLENT article on "The Life Of A Docker" (JOHN BULL, May 13) presented the history admirably. Dole queues, strikes, hunger marches, bloodshed and so on—I went through all that myself. The trouble all along has been the public's lack of interest in, and appreciation of, the work done by the "scum of the earth" (as I've heard the dockers called). No docker should feel ashamed. He can look the world straight in the eye, knowing that his job is well done.—D. M., Glasgow.

Serials Into Films

OUR FAMILY IDENTIFIED the Alan Ladd film *After Midnight* as the JOHN BULL serial "Traitor's Island," and decided that "The Murders in Godolphin Square" would also make a most entertaining film. We suggest the following cast: Robert Beatty as Dan McGrath, Mervyn Johns as Evan Pinkerton, Sonia Dresdel as Caroline Winship, Sally Ann Howes as Mary Winship, and Stanley Holloway as Inspector Bull.—JOHN WILLIAMS, c/o 3 Shaw Street, Worcester.

Mischief In Church

WOULDN'T IT BE NICE if one could go to church and really feel that one was among friends? Instead, one is made miserably aware of petty little rivalries and jealousies. Congregations are split up into little mischief-making coteries that fail to live up to the most elementary ethics of Christian conduct. —D. J. P., Stoke-on-Trent.

The Adopted Children

HOW MUCH EASIER it would have been for Foster Mother, Bristol ("Free Speech," May 13), if she had brought up her adopted child with the truth. Since he was one year old our adopted son has been taken on visits to the National Adoption Society and consequently he knows where we got him from. When one interfering person asked him a question when he was four, his reply was: "My mummy and daddy bought me from a big house in London. I have seen it." Adoption to him means kindness and great affection — not a stigma.—FOSTER PARENT, Herts.

. . . I am fifteen years old and have been adopted twelve years. I have always known I am an adopted child, and I thank and respect my foster parents for this. To be told at a later age must be an awful blow.—B. D., Old Trafford, Manchester.

A Miner Misled

DECIDING TO ENROL as a coal miner when I was nineteen, I went to the local Labour Exchange. The man at the desk told me that if I spent two years down the mines I would not have to serve in the Forces. After eighteen months in the pits I learnt by chance I was still eligible to be called up. The option was to spend eight years as a miner.

Two months ago I was passed Grade II at a medical for conscripts. Had I not been misled at the Labour Exchange I would by now have completed my National Service in the Forces and be free to take a civilian job. It seems nothing can be done to prevent the two wasted years of my life beginning all over again.—W. B., Ayrshire.

Masters Of Blank Verse

JOLLY GOOD LUCK to T. S. Eliot (JOHN BULL, May 6). For forty years I have slogged away at blank verse because I have always held that it is the true medium of expression in the theatre. The immortal charm of Shakespeare lies not in his situations, which are often ridiculous and sometimes frankly boring, but in the majestic cadences of his blank verse.—A. W. GREEN, Helvellyn, Manor Road, Desford, near Leicester.

Change Needed At Crewe

TRAVELLING FROM the West of England up to Scotland, I was struck by the beauty of the floral layout at Droitwich Spa railway station and the dismal wretchedness of scores of other stations on the way. How nice it would be to see a few flowers and a coat of light paint enlivening stations at places like Wigan, Warrington and Crewe.—F. P. PRYOR, Trelawney, St. Andrew's Road, Great Malvern, Worcs.

Keys Are Useless

MY FAMILY RECENTLY bought new suitcases of various colours, shapes and sizes, all from different shops. But we find that any one of the keys will open any of the cases, making the locks more or less useless. Why can't they make cases with individual locks?—MRS. F. CAIN, 7 Eaton Avenue, Chester.

John Bull welcomes readers' views, experiences and ideas for publication. A guinea is paid for every letter used. Mark the envelope "Free Speech" and make sure your full name and address is in the letter.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

NO particular village and no particular wedding. "It's a scene you would find in almost any village in England," says cover artist Gordon Nicoll. He likes the informality of the country ceremony — weddings are "more sophisticated" at West Byfleet, Surrey, where he lives.

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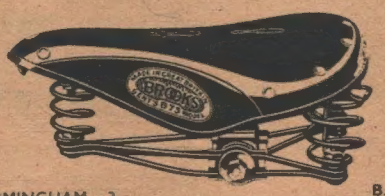

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Irene McIver pauses on her way up to Clunie Dam. "She is one of the great army of pioneers . . . opening up the forgotten lands of Britain's Far North"

POWER FROM THE GLENS

This is the full story of the Highlands hydro-electric scheme—the struggle to harness hurtling waters; the plan that will help to shape Britain's future

Irene McIver, pioneer

by HARRY HOPKINS

AS THE TRAIN CHUGGED STOLIDLY northwards along its single track, a trail of white smoke stretched out down the valley behind it and hung, crisp and transfixed, in the Highland air. This was, you saw, a vast empty land, a land long given up to sheep and wild deer and bracken. Then sunlight glinted on steel, threw into relief a line of pylons striding across the mountainside—and, in a trice, the scene was changed. For the pylons blazed the trail of the hydro-electric men, the dam-builders, the tunnellers, the harnessers of the waters—pioneers of Britain's newest frontier.

Up and down the rocky mountain road that climbs out of the grey little town of Pitlochry and goes winding up past Loch Tummel and Loch Rannoch and Loch Errochty-to-be, a girl in a tailored suit drives muddy-booted engineers in a yellow shooting-brake. Her name is Irene McIver. Two years ago, she was a dental mechanic poring over people's false teeth in an Edinburgh office. Now she, too, is a postwar pioneer—one of the great army of pioneers that is today opening up the forgotten lands of Britain's Far North.

The road Irene McIver drives along is a new one, for the famed "Road to the Isles" is under the water now, flooded by the hydro men. And where Queen Victoria paused in her carriage to admire the view, three great dams rise, one below the other, three generating stations are prepared to receive the hurtling waters. Bulldozers cavort across the skyline. Crane jibs swing against the clouds. The sun gleams on rising white walls, mirrored in the lochs behind them. It is a heroic, a stirring sight—man matching mountains.

From his eyrie high above the Clunie Dam, sweeping with practised eye the swarming activity below, resident engineer John Dixon picks out in the loch's still waters a tell-tale ripple. He watches the ripple as it grows and becomes a wave, pushing out like an invisible boat into the gathering loch. Beneath is the mouth of the tunnel that cuts down two miles through the hard white quartz of the mountain to the power-house below. The wave means they've been trying out the turbine again.

Behind the dam, the camp—one of many through the Highlands today. Bare boards, iron bedframes, grey blankets, tin basins, "ablution" troughs. But also, they boast, the best dances for miles around, "although Lord knows where the women come from." (A bus goes out to gather them.)

These are pioneers, all right, authentic pioneers—Bret Harte himself could hardly have done it better. That tunnel, now, they tell you, is Britain's biggest water pipe. Why, two double-decker buses could drive through it, side by side! Echoes Irene McIver, ex-dental mechanic: "It's a grand life. I'll be sorry when it's over. They'll never get *me* back to an office. . . ."

What lies behind this massive activity, this carving-out of a new land in the wilderness in 1950? The outbreak of peace found Britain grossly underpowered for the colossal task that confronted her. To survive, she would have to gear up her industry, substituting brain for

brawn. For a start, that meant generating forty per cent more electricity, nine and a half million extra horsepower—a £400,000,000 programme.

Thirty-eight new power stations now building up and down Britain will bring great economies in coal consumption. But all the time coal gets scarcer, dearer, poorer. In Italy, Norway, Switzerland and many other lands the wheels of industry have for years been turning on power which we in Britain have allowed to run to waste—the power of the sparkling streams rippling through the heather, roaring white and foaming down the mountainsides.

In 1943, better late than never, the North of Scotland Hydro-electric Board was set up, charged to repair this omission. Flaunting on its banner a Gaelic motto *"Neart nan Gleann"* ("Strength of the Glens"), it quickly drew up a £100,000,000 programme to wring from the Highland mountainsides 6,000,000,000 units of electricity a year—one-seventh of Britain's total electrical power.

The Dam Builders Move In

Six years later, some of the wildest country in Europe was resounding to the roar of the rock drills and the chatter of the concrete mixers. In the whole twenty-five mile length of Glen Affric in 1939 lived twenty-three people—five deer-stalkers, two gardeners, and their families. Today, nearly two thousand workers are encamped in that beautiful valley, building dams, gathering the waters of two lochs to generate 250,000,000 kilowatts a year. Over the length and breadth of the Highlands thirteen dams, twelve generating stations, many miles of tunnels, aqueducts and new roads are being built. Two hundred new lochs will be formed. There has been nothing like this since English General Wade pushed up the first military roads into the Highlands after the '45.

The job is tough—nowhere tougher than at Loch Sloy. Before they could even start there, they had to cut five miles of road in the rocky mountainside snaking up from the shores of Loch Lomond. I stood at the top of that road the other day. It was lined with sodium discharge lamps and the offices of the engineers. Ahead loomed the vast grey bulk of the dam, hugely buttressed and arched, blocking out the sky.

On top of one of the towering concrete pillars half a dozen figures wrestled with wooden shuttering, struggling against the wind that howled down the valley and whipped over the dam. Sometimes that wind reaches 100 m.p.h. The windows on the control tower had been blown in, were being reinforced. When the job started, Loch Sloy, on the other side of the dam, was little more than a puddle, just visible on maps. Now, grey and forbidding, it had risen forty-five feet. Before the work was finished it would lap at our feet—carrying 1,200,000,000 cubic feet of water, storing 20,000,000 units of electric power.

Carrying Water Through Mountains

We got out of the car to clear fallen rocks off the track. There had been two inches of rain in the previous twelve hours. But that was an old story at Sloy—one of the wettest spots in Britain. In the early days, they stopped work for rain. Now, every man arriving is issued with oilskins, wellingtons, a waterproof hat. The job goes on.

A line of iron tubs rattled across the road and disappeared into the mountain. Inside the jagged tunnel, rock-drillers in miners' hats loomed up through a swirl of gelignite fumes. It would be another year before the tunnel was through—nearly two miles—bringing in water from the next valley.

Tunnels, aqueducts, roads, diversion weirs, dams—those are the tools of these men who mould mountains to their purpose. The apparatus is simple, but the scale is overwhelming. At Pitlochry they are harnessing the streams for seven hundred square miles around, wringing power from the same water four times over. Take a look at the thing they call a surge shaft—a vast round well sunk deep into a mountain, a safety valve relieving sudden pressure changes in the pipe below. It must be just about the biggest man-made well on earth—a thing as incredible to the eye as the Empire State Building.

Sand, crushed rock, cement and sweat—the raw materials, too, are simple. From Balloch a string of barges carries the sand down Loch Lomond. From Grangemouth on the Firth of Forth lorries bring the cement crawling up the mountainside. From a quarry opened halfway up the desolate slopes of Ben Vane a belt-conveyor carries 800 tons of crushed rock a day, up and down across the hills, one and a half miles to the dam site. In four hours, as men fight wind and rain, one more oblong of shuttering, three feet eight inches high, will be filled with slowly hardening gruel poured from the buckets that swing along the high cableway strung over the valley. The grey wall will block out another yard of sky.

Power for the home. At eighty, Wullie McAlpine of Luss buys his first electric kettle

Man Who's Changing The Landscape

Swinging up the mountain road, hat on the back of his head, comes the man who rules over this massive re-arrangement of the landscape, resident engineer H. A. Daniels. A big bluff fellow in leggings and a leather jacket, he looks his part. "Quite a job?" he cries. "Well, I wouldn't do any other. I can't knit. . . ."

What makes a man a builder of dams? The answer starts back in Cork just after the first World War. One more young Irishman, finding no work at home, is signing on the crew of a ship bound for the land of opportunity. Once on American soil young Daniels jumped ship. It was the nineteen-twenties. A polyglot crowd of Norwegians, Italians, Swedes, Irishmen were moving in on Nevada, where, the whisper went, good money was to be made sweating it out on Boulder Dam. Harry Daniels joined them.

In 1939, when the war broke out, Daniels was on a visit to Britain. A qualified hydro engineer now, he had been working on another big dam project up in the wilds of Quebec. The Highlands plan came along. "I was right at home at once," said resident engineer Daniels in his hut above Loch Lomond. "You know—the 'Luck of the Irish'. . . ."

"The Luck of the Irish"? The luck of the English, too, perhaps, ever since the first Irish "navigators" came swarming over St. George's Channel to dig our canals and build our railways. Today, spread through three camps along the shores of Loch Lomond, a motley army of horny-handed mercenaries moves to Harry Daniels's command—Poles and Ukrainians, Highlanders and Cornish tin-miners, Hebrideans and Cockneys and Germans—even two Turks. But most of all, Daniel's own countrymen—Irishmen from Donegal and Irishmen from Tipperary and Irishmen from Liverpool and the Edgware Road and Glasgow. At Clunie camp, above Pitlochry, there were fourteen Gallaghers on the books. And now, here at Sloy, I found the Gallaghers again in the person of young Eamon de Valera Gallagher, hut orderly.

These are a very special sort of men. Give them a good regular factory job and they wouldn't stay ten minutes. They belong to this rough bracing world of the wind and the rain and the mud and the open sky. They are rootless. They "cruise." A couple of months here . . . another month there . . . then off again, answering the signals of their mysterious nomadic telegraph.

But even in this world there are changes—changes that would make an oldtime navvy ganger fairly spin in his stony grave. Welfare managers! And in each camp good food laid on, a cinema, a hospital, a barber's shop, a concert on Sundays and the priest in for Confession every Saturday night. But the boards are still bare, the beds are hard and the walls have no pin-ups.

Night-watchmen—£16-a-week

These men are not here for comfort—perhaps wouldn't know what to do with it if they had it. They come here as men go to mining camps. The lure is not gold nuggets but overtime pay. Up the mountain they go at half past six in their buses, come down again to their beds twelve hours later. Sometimes, the carpenters and shutterers go up again after dinner. You hear of night-watchmen who make £16 a week just sitting in a pumphouse, of tunnellers who've knocked up even more.

Whatever it is, they deserve it. Outside the Raffles Museum in Singapore there used to stand a monument to the unknown Chinese labourer, the

man who built Malaya in a mangrove swamp. Isn't it time we had in London a statue to the unknown Irish navvy who in this cushioned and Cellophane-wrapped age still pits himself against the elements? It is a hard battle and often a close battle. At Sloy, one man lost his life, crushed between the concrete conveyor and the side of the dam. Ten others perished in the tunnels. And to the known hazards are added the quirks of fate. In February, up in his office above the Clunie Dam, resident engineer John Dixon watched the flood waters piling up anxiously. There had been heavy snow, then a sudden thaw, the sort that happened only once in fifty years—and a dam was built in three. Men were got out on to the loch in row-boats to catch the debris as it came floating down on the flood. It would have helped if the turbines below could have been set turning, drawing off the water. But they weren't ready. All night, as the water crept up the white wall and began to thrust against the wooden shuttering, the engineers watched. For several hours, many months of work were in the balance. Then the water began to fall. The dam held.

The Battle Of The Pylons

The pylons march on across the heather. Week by week the Highland grid grows. From Loch Fannich in Ross-shire to Boat of Garten in Speyside, then on to Keith and Aberdeen; from Loch Lomond to Shira and Glasgow; from Tummel down the Tay valley and across the Firth of Forth to Bonnybridge in Stirlingshire. Ex-Army weasels bucket across rock and bog carrying concrete and steel and wire. Foundations have to be blasted, materials manhandled up mountain-sides. This, too, is a battle.

But no battle was ever fought in better heart. For no longer need young Scots engineers travel to the ends of the world to find scope for their energies, opening up new lands while their own land rotted. For the young men now learning their hydro stuff in the Highlands, there are years of work ahead. Some of the Board's hundred-odd schemes are massive projects, bringing new power to the wheels of the Lowlands; others, like Morar's, will serve isolated communities.

Morar and Mallaig are at the end of the line and the end of the road—a pretty poor road at that. The Atlantic beats bleakly against the craggy coast, stone crofts cling to rocky mountain-sides. Yet the men who are born here believe there is no spot on the earth to match it. None would leave willingly. Yet they have left; they have left in their thousands to join Highland exiles all over the world. Because, though a croft on a mountainside may—in some way incomprehensible to strangers—support one son, it cannot keep a family. And there has been little else.

New Industries Are Opening Up

Today all that is changing. It is a change in some ways as dramatic as the change the steam engine brought to the remote villages of Lancashire. In Morar it stems from young Angus MacDonald and the yellow Swedish timber house the Hydro Board put up for him and his English wife from Salford, on the wind-swept shores of Loch Morar. Angus MacDonald is the station engineer. As he digs over the black peaty soil of what he hopes will be his front garden, he keeps an ear cocked for the sound of the bell that will summon him to minister to the two green turbines humming sweetly in his Aladdin's Cave of a power-house that looks out on to the white sands of Morar Bay.

MacDonald is a Mallaig lad. He came back from helping the R.A.F. restore one of Norway's hydro-electric stations to find a job after his own bent right on his own doorstep. Now, because of his turbines, harnessing the waters of Britain's deepest loch where it falls down to the sea, there will be work for many another local lad, too. In the huts of Highland Home Industries down by the ocean's edge the saws and lathes in the carpenter's shop run by electricity now. In the pottery hut—a new departure in Scotland—an electric blower serves the new oil furnace as crofter's sons learn new arts. In the fishing harbour at Mallaig an all-electric ice-factory enables the fishermen to market their catches in London. With electric kippering machines, one herring girl is doing the work of six.

Perhaps the biggest gain is on the land. You can still see the old circular track worn by the threshing horse at Traigh Hall Farm which looks out across the sea to the grim cliff wall of Eigg. But in the barn is an electric threshing machine. A milk-bottle sterilizer speeds the supply to the local schools. Hay-driers are being tried out. And from Western Australia came the world's champion sheep-shearer to show how, with electricity's aid, a sheep could be shorn of its coat in twelve seconds.

It is because of things like this that from the dam-builders' camps on the hillsides the pioneering spirit is today spreading out over Britain's far north. With earnest eye, young men tell you that this land of theirs was once a throbbing hive of industry—and will be so again. The mountains are full of minerals waiting for the digging. Mica for condensers. Felspar for glass and porcelain. Talc for fine-quality paper or roofing felt. A long way to England? But why worry about England? Wouldn't Cromarty Firth, the finest natural harbour in Britain, make a fine export port now that hydro-electricity is freeing the land from the tyranny of the coalfields? Already the area is scheduled for development. And the tide is on the turn. After two centuries, the population of the Highlands is beginning to rise again.

Cookers And Vacuum Cleaners

As the pulse of the far north quickens, the task of the hydro-electric pioneers reaches out far beyond cubic feet of concrete and kilowatt hours. The Board's little green show vans wind about the Highland roads. Electric toasters and shaving mirrors are piled in the Morar post office window. As demonstrators clamber about the rocky paths, almost every croft gets its electric cooker, its vacuum cleaner, its electric iron and fires and mains radio and clocks. In Father MacNeill's solid stone church by the loch side the altar is bathed in light. In all his twenty-five years in this Highland parish there has never, he says, been a change so deep as this. . . . It is a change which is coming these days to four thousand Highlanders every month.

It has its dangers. "We shall lift up our eyes to the hills," complained a Welshman, "and we shall see pipe-lines, power-houses, concrete spoils heaps. . . ." That is why in Scotland every project must pass an "Amenity Committee." At Morar, Angus MacDonald's green-and-blue power-house is cunningly buried in the rock, hidden behind a rough-hewn wall. You have to search to find it. At Pitlochry it looks as if the new loch may even become a fine extra scenic attraction. Already a local hotel is advertising, "Come to — — — and see the Dam!"

Then, the salmon—which in the season provide work for two thousand men. Would the new dams frustrate their famous up-river journey from sea to spawning grounds? Experiments were devised. In many dams "fish passes" have been built, a long series of pools, each eighteen inches higher than the one before, snaking up over the dam like a mountain road. Since salmon make for the point of greatest pressure the entrance to these passes will be placed near the turbine outlets.

To try out the likely effects on the young salmon on the down-river journey, a pressure tank was built, piling up water pressures of 200 pounds a square inch. The young fish emerged little the worse.

Now beside the loch-to-be at Pitlochry in the grounds of what used to be the laird's house, brown trout of all ages and sizes swim placidly in glass tanks as biologists probe the effect on their birth, life and death of the raising of the waters. In one tank, trout eggs lie under a layer of gravel just as the fish themselves leave them in the little streams that run into the loch. Near by, on a shelf, stand rows of little bottles—samples of the feeding material that accumulates on the bottom of the lochs.

Drift from the Highlands may be ending. Gap in tree belt marks path of new line of pylons

Learning To Measure Lochs

It will probably be here in this little grey Grampians town of Pitlochry that this humming Highland empire of the waters will find its capital. Already, beyond the fish laboratory, Faskally House itself has been turned into a staff college to train its young rulers. Out they go, like lighthouse keepers, to put in—between their weeks of lectures—weeks of practical training at pioneer hydro stations, learning to measure lochs, to chart rainfall and calculate "heads," to have a countryman's eye for the sky and a meteorologist's understanding of the weather bulletins.

The dream which in 1950 began at last to come true was old and long-cherished. As a young man John Dixon, now resident engineer at Clunie Dam, had helped to survey Glen Moriston, in Inverness-shire for hydro-electric power. Now, after six years of exhausting war, in the midst of economic tribulation and talk of atomic doom, Britain has sprung to these labours of Hercules with the faith of the eternal pioneer.

In the train coming back from the Highlands, I sat opposite a well-nurtured young man in what had been a British officer's coat. He was, he told me, just filling in time. He was leaving, getting out. Britain wasn't any good any more. People wouldn't work. None of the old spirit. So he was getting out—and he wasn't coming back.

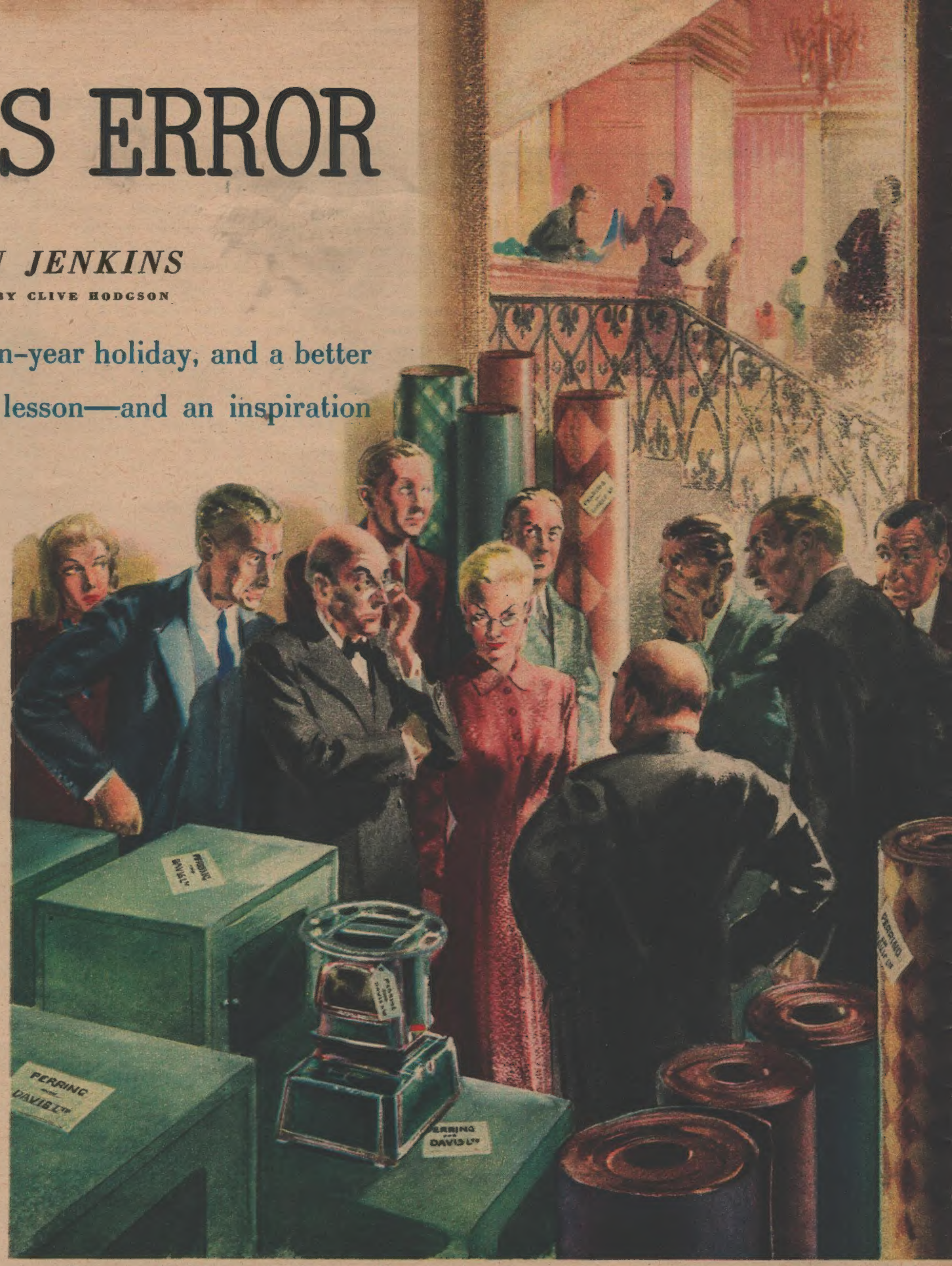
I looked out of the window to where the sunlight glinted on the pylons marching over the mountains. They looked like the outriders of some vast, still invisible army. It hardly seemed worth while to argue. THE END

TYPIST'S ERROR

by ***ALAN JENKINS***

ILLUSTRATED BY CLIVE HODGSON

It gave Mr. Dundas a ten-year holiday, and a better job. It gave the boss a lesson—and an inspiration



The managing director faced them. His voice was dangerously quiet. "What, in fact, is his job?"

THE MANAGING DIRECTOR was now entering the soft furnishing department. You couldn't see him, of course: he was too small. But you knew he was over there by the lifts. You knew, because there was a tension in the atmosphere, and a certain hush.

The voices of salesgirls and shopwalkers became higher and more artificial. Looking along the infinite aisles of carpets and Utility divans, you could just discern the group slowly advancing.

Gradually the figures became distinguishable. The balding, pear-shaped skull of Mr. Gillett, the chief cashier. The general manager, Mr. Marcus Pardoe, his features always screwed up as if about to cry. Mr. Pardoe's son Alistair, with his unworried learning-the-business grin and a wolfish eye for the salesgirls. Miss Craske, the managing director's secretary. Mr. Briscoe, the buyer. The advertising manager, Mr. Feargus Birnie, a pair of surprised eyes in a red face. The personnel manager, Mr. T. Watts Griffith, who looked like a Guards officer, and had been.

These dignitaries, with their attendant secretaries and subordinates, heralds and trainbearers, advanced relentlessly through the avenues of mattresses and folkweave curtains.

Somewhere in their midst (protected on all sides, like a queen bee), was the managing director, Mr. C. Stanley Siskin, the motive force of Perring and Davis, Ltd. Solicitous heads bent down to him, as if admiring somebody's baby in a pram.

It was the managing director's monthly inspection, a time-honoured ceremony, like trooping the colour, or locking up the Tower of London. It was supposed to make everyone in the firm feel part of a big, happy family.

And now, before the glass doors of the counting house, the group changed to arrow formation. Mr. C. Stanley Siskin was visible for the first time, leading the way.

A tiny, dynamic Napoleon, he peered about him, scratching his nose. He stood irresolute before the counting house. The doors were opened for him. But he did not, as was his custom, enter the counting house. Instead, he turned left.

"The Shoesmith Wing, sir," Mr. Gillett whispered. "It used to be the turnery department."

"M'yes. I remember now. We had the Rural Crafts Exhibition there in 1938, didn't we? And the firewatchers had their canteen there during the war."

"That's right, sir," smiled Mr. Gillett. He had an unbounded admiration for the managing director.

No flies on C. S. He had his finger on everything. His hunches were supernatural. You couldn't fool C. S.

Mr. Siskin frowned. "I don't think I've seen it for some time." He turned to the general manager. "Why haven't I seen it, Marcus?"

"Well, it isn't very interesting," Mr. Pardoe said. "Hardly—er—worth your attention. It's a sort of cul-de-sac where we move people and goods we don't know what else to do with." He gave a short laugh. "The staff call it the Railway Yard."

Everybody tittered except Mr. Siskin. "Let me see it," he said.

The procession filed down a corridor lined with rolls of linoleum, metal coal-scuttles and enamelled meat-safes. Mr. Siskin looked at the meat-safes. "What do these damn things retail at?"

"Three guineas, sir," young Pardoe put in quickly. "We just can't get rid of them."

"Write this down, Miss Craske," Mr. Siskin said. "Quarter-page advertisement in the *Evening Referee*. Call 'em Flyproof Fresh Food Containers. 'This offer cannot be repeated, etcetera, etcetera.' Offer the lot at twenty-five shillings each. Got it?"

"Yes, Mr. Siskin."

The party paused in front of a small doorway marked "Staff Only."

"What's in here?" Mr. Siskin asked.

Watts Griffith stepped forward. "Miscellaneous staff, sir. Young Arblaster, who repairs typwriters. A few trainees. Sefton, the house detective."

"Oh." Mr. Siskin was looking at a grubby, frosted-glass door at the end of the passage. It bore the smudged words, "Please Knock."

"What's in that room?" asked Mr. Siskin. He was getting bored with the Shoesmith Wing.

The management looked at each other, uneasily. Finally all eyes came to rest on Mr. T. Watts Griffith.

"Now let me think," mused the personnel manager.

Two of the secretaries opened their mouths to speak, but checked themselves as they saw Mr. Siskin about to pounce.

"You don't *know* what it's used for, Griffith?"

"I—I think it's used as a junk room, sir," Griffith stammered; but his words were swept aside by the two secretaries, who cried in unison: "But that's Mr. Dundas's office."

"Of course," Griffith smiled painfully. "Stupid of me. Dundas, that's the fellow."

"Dundas," muttered Mr. Siskin. "Don't remember him. What's he like?"

"Tall and thin, sir," the buyer volunteered. "Sixty-ish, I should say. Quiet, efficient chap. He's very well liked, sir."

"Is he a new man?"

The personnel manager said: "Oh no, sir. He's been with the firm for

years. A very decent old fellow. Why, everybody knows Mr. Dundas!"

The managing director glared up into Griffith's face. "*I* don't know Dundas," he snapped. "*Why* don't I know Dundas? What, in fact, does Dundas do?"

"Well, he——" Griffith was flustered. He caught the buyer's eye. "Mr. Briscoe, how would you describe Mr. Dundas's duties?"

Briscoe shut his eyes nervously. "Well, he's quiet, of course. Keeps to himself a good deal. But punctual as a clock, sir. Day in, day out—always in at nine and away at six. Hardly a day's illness in twenty years."

"Why, the firm wouldn't be the same without old Dundas!" the advertising manager said heartily. "They don't come like that nowadays, sir. A real old white-collar employee. The backbone of commerce, if I may say so."

Mr. Siskin cut in irritably: "You still haven't told me what Mr. Dundas *does* here. Griffith, you're personnel manager. Don't *you* know?"

Griffith fumbled with one of his waistcoat buttons. "Of course, of course," he frowned. "Actually, it's going rather a long way back. I've only been here since '46, and we've had one or two reorganizations, and—well, it's a little difficult to say off-hand——" he broke off unhappily.

The managing director faced his executives. His voice was dangerously quiet. "What, in fact, is his job?" There was an awkward silence.

Mr. Siskin breathed in sharply through his nose. He said to one of the minor secretaries: "Bring me Mr. Dundas's record card at once." The girl disappeared like a frightened doe.

For three minutes, the little battalion waited apprehensively until the girl returned, panting, with Mr. Dundas's record card. The managing director read it carefully. He noted that Mr. R. B. Dundas had been with the firm since 1928; that his age was sixty-one; that he lived at Boxley Green, London, S.E.29; that he contributed to National Health and Unemployment Insurance; and that his salary was £372 8s. 9d. per annum, exclusive of Christmas bonus. He was described merely as an "assistant."

"Assistant *what*?" the managing director barked aloud. And without waiting for a reply, he flung open the door of Mr. Dundas's room.

He saw an ancient roll-top desk, a swivel chair, and a table with a telephone, a cup of tea and various paraphernalia spread out upon it. A bowler hat, an overcoat and a rolled umbrella hung behind the door. An elderly man, thin and mild-eyed, with a slight stoop, was leaning against the window sill with his back to Mr. Siskin. The window was open and the elderly gentleman appeared to be feeding sparrows on the ledge outside. He turned round with an exclamation of annoyance.

"Good morning, Mr. Dundas," the managing director said coldly. "I am Mr. Siskin."

"Oh. Excuse me, sir." Mr. Dundas looked down at his small employer.

"I don't think we've met before, Mr. Dundas."

"No, sir."

"It is not easy to keep in touch with every member of the firm," Mr. Siskin went on with deadly calmness. "I'm afraid I've neglected the Shoesmith Wing in my previous tours of inspection."

Mr. Dundas nodded awkwardly. There was a short pause. At length the managing director asked: "Is everything all right, Mr. Dundas?"

"Perfectly, thank you, sir."

"Office quite comfortable? No problems of any sort?"

"I can't think of any, sir, thank you."

"Quite happy here? Like your job and all that?"

"Oh, yes, sir." Mr. Dundas smiled nervously.

Mr. Siskin looked round the faces of his colleagues, which were rigid with embarrassment. Then he turned back to the elderly gentleman by the window. "Mr. Dundas. *What exactly do you do here?*"

The elderly gentleman suddenly grew as stiff as his collar. He looked at a point about six inches above Mr. Siskin's head. Then his face relaxed in a nervous smile, and in a clear voice, he said: "Nothing, sir."

It seemed that the solar system halted for several seconds. The silence in the room was deafening.

"Nothing?" Mr. Siskin whispered. "Did you say — *nothing*, Mr. Dundas?"

"That's right, sir. Nothing."

Mr. Siskin's self-control was admirable. "But what are your duties here, Mr. Dundas?"

"I—I haven't got any."

Mr. Siskin continued silkily: "Why were you employed by us?"

"I came originally as a bookkeeper." There was an amiable sadness in Mr. Dundas's eyes. "I'm afraid I wasn't very good at it. Then I was moved to the toy department during the Christmas rush in 1934. I was there for five—yes, five years. Then the war came, and I was transferred to Project F."

Mr. Marcus Pardoe gasped audibly. "Project F! Good God!"

Mr. Siskin spun round upon the general manager. "Would you mind refreshing my memory, Marcus? What *was* Project F?"

"We were going to take over Cope and Siviters," Mr. Pardoe said quickly. "That chain of outfitters in Yorkshire. I see it all now!" He swallowed agitatedly. "We created a temporary staff to handle the amalgamation at this end. And then the whole thing fell through!"

"I remember," Mr. Siskin said slowly. "We were compelled to cut down staff. The whole of the Project F staff, in fact. Except——" He looked at Mr. Dundas in a fascinated way. "Except *you*, it seems."

Mr. Dundas clasped and unclasped his hands. "Yes, sir."

"And why did we retain *your* services, Mr. Dundas?"

"I suppose——" The elderly gentleman spoke with great humility. "I suppose—you forgot to sack me, sir."

An excited murmur broke out among the junior members of the inspecting group. Mr. Siskin shouted: "Quiet, please. I should like to have a word with Mr. Dundas. In private." He made a sign to the other dignitaries. "The inspection is over."

Everybody withdrew, leaving Mr. Siskin and Mr. Dundas alone in the office. Mr. Dundas placed a chair for his visitor. "Won't you sit down, sir?"

"Thank you, Dundas." Mr. Siskin waved his hand for his host to do the same. They faced each other across the table: employer and employee. Mr. Siskin, tiny and dapper, a sleek black elf of a man whose every gesture was a command, and Mr. Dundas, long and shaggy, wearily resigned to having lost the battle of life. For a minute neither spoke.

At last Mr. Siskin said: "It must be very dull, doing *nothing* all day, Mr. Dundas."

"Oh, I wouldn't call it *nothing*, sir." Mr. Dundas's face lit up with animation. "I mean, of course, it's nothing from the firm's viewpoint. But I have a number of interests to pass the time." He stood up and rummaged in his desk. "My cigarette cards, for example. Though I say it myself, I have one of the finest collections in the country!"

Mr. Siskin leafed over the album his employee put before him. "H'm. *Cries of London — Struggles for Existence—College Crests. . . .*"

He looked up. "I see. And does cartophily take up the whole of your time?"

"Oh, no, sir. After I've filled in my pools I do the crossword in my paper. I've trained myself to finish it in twenty minutes without a dictionary."

Mr. Siskin said: "Indeed?"

"And then, of course, I'm awfully keen on chess. I play myself on this pocket board." He indicated an unfinished game on the top of a small filing cabinet.

Mr. Siskin said again: "Indeed? And do you beat yourself?"

"Invariably, sir. Somehow I seem to anticipate all my own moves. It's very discouraging. Do *you* play, sir?"

"I haven't time," Mr. Siskin replied sharply.

"I suppose not." Mr. Dundas nodded sympathetically. "It must be a great strain to have all your worries and responsibilities, Mr. Siskin."

The managing director jerked himself upright in his chair. "At the moment there's only one thing worrying me," he began grimly. But just then the telephone rang.

Mr. Dundas raised the receiver airily. "Hallo? . . . Speaking. . . . No, I'm in conference now. I'll call you back in half an hour." He replaced the instrument. "That was my bookmaker," he said affably.

Mr. Siskin exploded. "Am I to understand that you use the firm's telephone for betting purposes?"

"Yes, sir, but——"

"You know the rules about calls, Dundas?"

"Certainly, sir," Mr. Dundas replied warmly. "I am most careful to reimburse the firm for all my calls. I place twopence in the welfare box every time."

"I'm glad to hear it," the managing director rasped. "And may I ask if you are a successful gambler?"

Mr. Dundas looked deeply

Continued on page 28

Mr. Siskin exploded. "Do I understand you use the firm's phone for betting?" Mr. Dundas had a reply

Start of the T.T. There are 1,000 corners and 500 gear changes. To win, a rider must average nearly 90 m.p.h.—even if he pushes his machine home

THE T.T. BOSS

by RICHARD COLLIER

Sidney Huggett

The famous Manx motor cycle race began as an enthusiastic scramble by amateurs. Sidney Huggett has calmed it down and runs it like clockwork—but it's still about the toughest race that any rider can stand

JUST AFTER THE first World War, a young man who had never ridden a motor cycle attended his first Tourist Trophy race on the Isle of Man. His name was Sidney Thomas Huggett. Later, he confessed that he had been so dazed by the high-speed organization involved that he had no time to watch the race. "For months afterwards," he told a friend recently, "I kept wondering how on earth it was done."

Today, after more than thirty years as a T.T. official, Huggett, now a genial and rotund fifty-four, claims that he is still wondering, although the T.T. now takes up most of his working life throughout the spring and early summer. As secretary of the Auto-Cycle Union, Huggett is automatically Clerk of the Course for next week's thirty-second Tourist Trophy meeting, so that the entire organization of the 1950 T.T. is in his hands.

"It involves," Huggett explains, "a working knowledge of the problems of 400 riders, 400 marshals of the course, timekeepers, twelve doctors, ambulance men and a troop of Boy Scouts. Organizing them as a team is half the battle, but even so there'll be plenty of other problems to cope with."

Mud-and-Dust Battle

When Huggett first joined the Auto-Cycle Union, the conditions on the T.T. course had hardly altered in the thirteen years of the race's history. Setting off from Glencrutchery Road, Douglas, the riders had to batter their way along 37¾ miles of stony rutted roads, perilously slippery in wet weather but choked with dust at other times. There were no proper pits for refuelling or servicing, so that often they had to lap the course five times with a spare inner tube lashed round their waists. Marshals and flagmen were few and it was easy to miss the course altogether. Restarting on a gradient was impossible; competitors had to run back to the bottom.

Even now, says Huggett, with tarmac roadways and scouts and direction posts everywhere, the T.T. course is still the toughest race that any man or machine can endure. To stand even a fair chance of winning the senior race a rider has to lap the course seven times, covering over 264 miles of gruelling inclines and hairpin bends in just on three hours and three minutes, an average of eighty-seven miles per hour. There are more than 1,000 corners and 500 gear changes.

At least a quarter of the 100-odd entrants in the Senior T.T. are likely to retire before the race is over, and even those that stick it out are often put to strange shifts. Riders have been known to arrive at the finish with exhaust pipes strapped to their handlebars, and one rider, faced with a leak in his petrol tank during the last lap, had to plug it up with a cake of soap. Like most other competitors, he had expended, besides seven gallons of petrol, at least enough energy to necessitate his being lifted bodily from the saddle.

As a result, the T.T. has progressed from an enthusiastic amateurs' hill-climb to a skilled battle of wits between seasoned professionals, with over sixteen top-line manufacturers striving for the commercial prestige that goes with £3,500 worth of prize-money. Huggett's organization, to keep pace, now has to be both split-second and up-to-the-minute.

Any part of the course that weighs the odds against a rider too heavily, for example, now comes in for some swift reshaping. At one point, approaching Keppel Gate down a one in eight gradient, the road snaked into a concealed turn near the Keppel Gate Hotel. After one rider had gone clean through the window of the public bar, it was decided to widen the road by several feet.

The running costs of the T.T. are around £10,000 — but the Auto-Cycle Union, though it sponsors the races, shares very little of either profit or loss. Tynwald, the Manx Parliament, has approved an annual T.T. grant of £6,000, while a good deal of the additional expense is borne by Douglas Corporation and the Highway and Transport Board, who have spent over £500,000 on road repairs in the last thirty years. The T.T. draws as many as 100,000 fans to the island at one time.

A fortnight before the races are due to start, Huggett transfers his headquarters from London's Pall Mall to Douglas's Peveril Hotel and prepares to cope with the preliminary problems. Some years ago, for example, he had no sooner arrived on the island than he found himself involved in a bother concerning early morning practices. No rider can qualify for a T.T. race until he has completed at least one of three practice laps at sixty miles per hour, and it was decided that practices should be held at 4.30 a.m. and 6.30 p.m.

But the Manx authorities, willing enough to co-operate on race-days, refused to close the roads for practice purposes. Huggett told his marshals to cope with the problem as best they could, but on the first day one marshal unwisely paid two bystanders ten shillings each to stay out of his area. By the next day, large queues were beginning to form in every sector, and a special plea had to be made to the Governor before the roads were finally closed.

Shortly before that, an early-morning rider had run smack into a farm-cart and bowled over a farmer's wife; there were no marshals about, so he decided to keep it quiet. The A.C.U. was mystified some days later to receive a bill for one damaged farm-cart, one spoiled frock, one pair of laddered stockings and one pair of cami-knickers.

No Help From Spectators

The international T.T. meeting is divided into three classes—Junior, Lightweight and Senior T.T. for professionals; and there are four races in various categories for amateur clubmen. For most of the races, riders are dispatched at intervals, the winner being the rider who keeps up the greatest average speed throughout. So the Clerk of the Course must time his order to reopen the roads to the split second, since every rider must complete the circuit before the winner is known.

A rider can also be excluded for taking on petrol at any place other than his own pit or for receiving any kind of outside assistance. Huggett had to exclude one ace because he discovered that the spectators had helped him on to his machine and given it a friendly push after a last-lap tumble. But a rider is not barred from pushing his own machine, and one recent winner did complete the last half-mile in this way, triumphing by twelve seconds. THE END

I married an African

by GLADYS SAMUELS

Slowly and painfully, I learned what it means. Our friends dropped off one by one. In London, I had hoped that people would gradually get used to the idea. But they don't

Mrs. Samuels and her daughter, Joyce. "In love, there are no barriers of race or colour"

"NEVER SPEAK TO A BLACK MAN," my mother used to say, "or he'll pick you up and put you in a little black bag—and you'll never be seen again." It was just three years ago that I first met and spoke to Sam. I was nursing at a London hospital at the time, and used to go dancing off-duty with a nurse friend. My mother's warning must have been at the back of my mind when Sam first asked me for a dance and I rudely turned away.

But he was there again next time—and there was something very reassuring about his smile. We sat out a dance and talked. I was surprised, I remember, to find we had things in common. Both came from large families, now scattered; neither of us smoked or drank; both laughed at the same kind of things.

Sam told me how he had come over from Lagos to help the British war effort in 1940—he is an electrician—and was working at de Havilland's until it ended; that he was now working at a London railway station in the same sort of job; that he liked the work, in spite of late shifts, and got on well with his workmates. I wasn't surprised to hear that—Sam's courteous manner was one of the first things I noticed about him.

And I told him about myself: how I was brought up in a convent at Folkestone—my mother ran a boarding house there—and was the third youngest of sixteen children, all girls except two; how we had moved to London at the beginning of the war and taken a house in Regent's Park, and how I had seen my mother killed by a direct hit on our house in 1940; how my father, who is American by birth, had since left for Ohio, where he was born. He was broken-hearted at mother's death.

My Family Was Against It

I cannot say the day or time when I fell in love with Sam, but we saw a good deal of each other during the next eight months. I wrote to tell my father he had asked me to marry him. He wrote back trying to dissuade me—so did most of my family and friends. But I knew by then that I loved Sam, and made up my mind to get married—and before my wedding day there was a congratulatory letter from dad and even a wedding present cheque.

We were married quietly at the Central Hall, Westminster, on December 17, 1947. (Sam is a Methodist.) I shall never forget that day as long as I live. I never want to: it was a very happy one. The hectic morning, buying last-minute delicacies for the little party we were to have afterwards; how I laddered my silk stockings and had to rush out to buy another pair. And then, at two o'clock, with a friend from the Victoria League who gave me away, at my side, I remember the feeling of peace I had as we entered the little chapel, the winter sunshine streaming through the stained-glass windows.

"Do you take this man . . . ?" And so we were married. "Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder." Those words, more than anything, gave me a deep happiness. I have thought of them often since, for I am determined that no man shall separate us.

Afterwards we had our little party in Sam's flat off the Euston Road—which was to be my home. It was a nice little flat—bedroom, sitting-room, kitchenette and bathroom, with a pleasant balcony. I had made a cake myself; Sam bought a bottle of wine. Our best man toasted us: "So long as you stand by each other. . . ." He knew, more than we, what might be in store for us: he is the Secretary of the League of Coloured Peoples, and himself a coloured man from the West Indies. So, too, did Miss Kelham, from the Victoria League, and the two other good friends who joined in the toast. They had all helped people like us before.

But everyone we knew was kind that day, and I remember how an old deaf and dumb woman who had known Sam brought us a lovely bunch of flowers. There were jokes and laughter. "Can you cook fou-fou, Gladys?" (Sam's favourite dish, semolina and pepper. I couldn't, but Sam soon taught me.) The party broke up at 4 p.m.—Sam was on a night shift at the station—and I spent the rest of the day with two of his friends. June (her husband, a solicitor, is coloured, too) turned out to be a wonderful friend. She had had a tougher time with her family when she married than I—her father refused to have anything to do with her. They had a flat in the same road, and that evening was for me the first of many happy ones we were to spend all together.

Two weeks later we had our honeymoon—a couple of days at Brighton. The hotel manager protested at first when he saw Sam. "You didn't explain you, er . . . weren't English." I wanted to shout: "He's a member of the British Commonwealth and as good a man as you." I felt angry and humiliated for Sam, but I held my tongue and left the talking to him. He was angry, too, but he explained politely that this was our only chance of a honeymoon, and showed the manager our marriage certificate. The manager muttered something about: "Oh, well, it's only a couple of days," and reluctantly handed us the visitors' book.

"There Goes The Nigger's Wife"

It was on the morning after my marriage that there came the first insult. The other tenants of the house—one Greek and one Scots family—had not minded Sam living there. They felt differently after we were married. "There goes the nigger's wife," one of them shouted after me as I was going upstairs to our flat. I wanted to turn round, as I have wanted to many times since when people have made unkind remarks, and explain that Sam happens to be the finest man I've ever met; that I love him; that remarks like that will never turn me against him—they make me feel even more protective towards him. But what would be the use, I've argued with myself so often. You can't explain to someone who has a deep-rooted prejudice.

Slowly and painfully I began to learn what it really means to be married to a coloured man in England. I had hoped in my heart that people would get used to the idea. But they don't. It hadn't been so bad before we were married. Certainly strangers would turn and stare at us walking arm-in-arm in the street, but in those days my family and friends were quite kind. They accepted Sam as a friend, and most of them liked him. "But you're not seriously thinking of *marrying* him?" I remember one of my oldest girl friends asking incredulously. "Marry a coloured man? You ought to have your brains tested." And one by one the friends and relatives cooled off.

But we made new friends. And we lived in our little flat—and tried to take no notice of the neighbours—for over a year. June and her husband would pop in for an evening often, or we would go off as a foursome to a dance or

the pictures. And Sam had kept in touch with a magistrate and a fellow-electrician from his home town of Lagos who worked in London. They were regular visitors and made me feel "at home" with them—an attitude my own friends and family never displayed towards Sam. They may not have approved of our marriage—I don't know; certainly they never showed it.

It was having such friends that made so much difference to the start of our marriage. I remember how one day—a beautiful sunny day in the spring of 1948—we decided to spend the afternoon at Regent's Park. As we were walking along arm-in-arm something hit me on the leg, and before I could turn round, something else very hard struck my back. Then a child's voice shouted: "Dirty nigger man," and three children —the youngest couldn't have been more than seven—rushed away from behind a tree. I think that incident made me more unhappy than anything else.

We Tried To Face It Calmly

I remember June and her husband joining us for supper that evening. She'd had a similar experience once, and this helped us to talk about it calmly. After all, we reminded ourselves, we had been warned about niggers by our parents. Probably those children had also heard the same fantastic tales. It wasn't their fault.

With the passing of that first summer together in our own home, we had found that we could—thanks to our friends—afford to be philosophical about "what other people thought." Then, in the winter of 1948, Sam fell ill, lost his job and got behind, inevitably, with the rent. In desperation I went to the Labour Exchange. There was a job going at a radio assembler's off Piccadilly. The pay was £3 10s. a week. It wasn't very pleasant work. I started, I remember, on a Friday, the day after going to the Exchange. By the following Tuesday my hands were burned and blistered. You learn to be more careful after a bit, but it takes time.

I found one good friend through the job and stuck it for five months. I hadn't mentioned I was married to a coloured man when I started, but one day the manageress asked me to lunch with her. She told me she had adopted a coloured baby and thought the world of him. It was easy, after that, to tell her about Sam. She was kindness itself, and I went several times to supper in her Kensington flat. Sam had been warmly invited, too, but he had at last found a job and was working at night. It wasn't the sort of job he'd been trained for—a cleaner at the General Post Office headquarters—but he was pleased to have work again. He is still there to this day, and thought well of by his workmates and employers.

In fact, things seemed to be righting themselves. Then, one day soon after Christmas, one of the tenants in our house complained that we were making too much noise. It wasn't true —we were hardly in the flat at the time—but the rent lapse stood against us (we had only just begun to catch up) and we were turned out. That was at the end of March, 1949. Our furniture has been in store ever since.

Hardest Part Of The Colour Bar

It is when you are homeless, I soon discovered, that the colour bar hits hardest. For three days we stayed at Luxbourne Lodge, an institution in Marylebone. They were kind to us there, but I shall never forget the feeling of utter hopelessness I had when I arrived. Sam was at work until the late afternoon, and I went alone. For a while there were formalities which left me little time for brooding. A bath, a hairwash, and an inspection to see I was quite "clean" from top to toe (I was). There were a few more formalities, identity card, "married or single?" —and I remember sinking down, tired and utterly miserable, on one of the seats in the yard, to wait for Sam.

He remembers how he found me there—crying. He was very distressed himself, and felt it was "all his fault." I forgot my tears and tried to reassure him. His fault indeed! I felt more than ever then that I would never stop loving him, that I would always stand by him. That evening we had to separate. I was given a cup of cocoa, some bread and margarine, and a very long nightdress. As I went up to the dormitory a woman stopped me: "You the girl I saw with a darkie? What can you expect?" I counted up to ten before I could trust myself to speak. But on the second day we had a phone call which made us jump for joy. We still had friends, and one of Sam's had found us a furnished room in Hampstead for thirty shillings a week. But it seems the other tenants didn't like us being there. Within a month we had notice to quit.

We tried desperately to find a flat, a room—anything so long as we could call it home. Our friends tried, too. For two months while we looked we stayed at Luxbourne Lodge once more. I could see Sam to talk to in the yard, that was all. We tried fifty different addresses if we tried one. Sometimes together, sometimes alone. Often Sam would phone a hopeful-sounding advertiser. (We found it best to be honest.) Several times we wasted fares by going after a place because of a promising phone talk—only to find they "hadn't understood" who was speaking.) On two occasions landlords laughed down the telephone—we have found men worse to deal with than women. One shouted at Sam: "Black and white, eh? What d'you think my house is . . . ?" On another occasion a housing officer (I will spare his identity) told me, no doubt with good intentions, that he could find me accommodation if I would give up Sam.

I was expecting my baby in July and had not been well. I suppose I had over-tired myself tramping the streets looking for rooms. And, of course, I was worried. Sam suggested a few days' holiday—he was due for one. On the spur of the moment we bought two third-class tickets to Folkestone—my home town. What happened later I shall always think of as nothing short of a miracle.

It was getting on for six o'clock. For seven hours we had been knocking on door after door. I was standing by the pier, looking down at the water and crying. I think Sam had his arm round me. Suddenly I heard a voice behind me: "Gladys!" it shouted. I recognized that voice—but surely it couldn't be . . . ? It was. For I turned round to see my old nanny who had helped bring us all up.

Nanny (I still call her that though she is now Mrs. Lena Westcock, retired) accepted Sam as kindly and naturally as if he were one of my brothers. I told her everything, and there were tears in her eyes as she said: "We'll find you a place, never fear." She knew of a Scots lady who would surely help. She was right. The Scots lady was kindness itself: she gave us the best five days' holiday we've yet had, even insisting on halving the bill (her rate was four guineas a week usually).

But back at Luxbourne Lodge again we had to set to in earnest looking for a proper home. Then, six weeks before baby was due, I had to go into hospital. Sam was left alone. He came to see me often, each time bringing the same news: "I can't find us a home."

In St. Stephen's Hospital, Fulham, they were very kind. They liked my husband, and Sister went out of her way to tell me what a very nice gentleman (she actually used that word) she thought he was. We forgot all our troubles on July 14, when our baby daughter, Joyce Adetomi, was born. She is fair-skinned, but already she is a little like Sam—her eyes are turning from blue to brown.

At Last, A One-room Home

They kept me in hospital for six weeks afterwards. Sam had found nowhere we could go. In despair he took a furnished room in Kensington at six guineas a week (a rent we knew we could not possibly afford for long). They agreed to take me and the baby—but not Sam. I stayed there one week only, for before it was up Sam had called round with the wonderful news that he had found us a home in South Kensington. It wasn't anything spectacular—but it was home. For £3 10s. a week we had one small room and the use of a bathroom and lavatory five flights down. The landlady quite liked me at first. In December we had our rent reduced by the Rent Tribunal to £2.

We spent a happy Christmas together there. I had lost touch with most of my family—or they with me, rather. But my father wrote and asked if I would like to join him—without my husband and child. My doctor sister wrote, too. She would be pleased, she said, to see me and Joyce—she didn't want Sam. Even my twin sister wrote ignoring Sam. The nicest letter, I remember, came from Sam's mother in Lagos. She sincerely wants us to be happy, but I'm afraid most of Sam's family are upset.

On Christmas afternoon we listened to the King's broadcast. Our landlady listened, too. Perhaps you remember that it was a Lagos man who introduced the King. Two months later our landlady gave us notice. The rent tribunal decision had upset her, I thought. But I learned later that some Polish tenants had given her the threat: "Either 'he' (meaning Sam) goes or we shall clear out." I shall never forget Saturday morning, February 4. It was a bleak, damp day. My landlady came up and gave us one week's notice. But, by the afternoon, while my husband was working, she had changed her mind: she wanted us out that same day. I was told there was a phone call for me: it was a hoax. While my back was turned, our landlady and two of her Polish tenants fetched Joyce, her cot and our few suitcases and dumped her, amid the luggage, out on the damp pavement.

Refuge In A Rest Centre

I almost lost all faith in human beings that day. Our landlady had her way and we ended up, with the help of the police, at the Brocklebank Institution in Battersea. I spent a week there, but they only had room for Sam for one night and he found a haven at a coloured man's hostel. During the week I called on the housing officer at County Hall. He arranged for us to come to Bromley House Rest Centre, at Bromley-by-Bow.

That was four months ago. We are still there. At least we have a small room to ourselves and pay only £2 16s. a week between us, including all meals (when Joyce is a year old it will be £3). But if we could find a place of our own we would gladly pay up to £3 a week. They are going to help us here to find a place—as they do for all who come. It may take about fifteen months. We must take our turn.

Fifteen months—and then perhaps we shall settle down happily again, for I still think that those who say mixed marriages bring *nothing* but misery are wrong. You find your real friends —and Sam and Joyce are my life. If only everyone could understand that in love there are no barriers of race or colour.

THE END

CHIEF OF TELEVISION

MORE AND MORE rooftops in Britain boast the H-aerial. Every evening, after his day's work at Alexandra Palace, Norman Collins, TV's chief, returns home to his own set and becomes a critical viewer. What are his problems and his plans for TV? Jack Winocour writes a frank summing up in JOHN BULL next week.

The act that makes the crowd gasp: Jack Holdsworth, who learnt to ride on a carthorse, swings down over the horse's flank to pick up the tape

Tournament star but problem soldier

by IAN BEVAN

The crowd acclaims his horsemanship. He's a fine figure of a young soldier. Will he soldier on, though? In a way the Royal Tournament is full-dress camouflage for the Army's big problem

Jack doesn't mind early rising and hard work in stables: anything to do with horses is O.K.

TWELVE THOUSAND PEOPLE in the Earls Court arena gasp as a young horseman dressed in blue charges forward from one corner. He leans to the left, leaving his saddle and sliding towards the ground—lower, lower, until it seems his head will split wide open on the ring beneath. The thin leather strap pulling tight on his right leg appears to hold him poised between life and death. His arm is outstretched. His hand grasps a long, narrow tape that lies on the tanbark. With a flick he is back in the saddle, waving the tape from which coloured handkerchiefs are fluttering like a suburban washline. Twenty-four thousand hands applaud his brilliant horsemanship.

Twice a day for the next three weeks, this scene will be repeated at the Royal Tournament as Driver Jack Holdsworth, of the R.A.S.C. Horse Transport Company, takes part in the trick riding display which is one of the new items in this year's programme. Now in its seventy-second year, the Tournament has moved from Olympia (its home since 1906) to the larger arena, so that the profit it makes for Service charities, which last year was £30,000, may this year be even larger.

Holdsworth is one of some 1,600 men and women from all three Services taking part. The glamour of the Tournament is heady wine, the plaudits of the crowd are exciting music for a lad of nineteen. Jack has come a long way from the Yorkshire field where he first learned to ride on the butcher's delivery horse.

To many people watching him at the Tournament, certainly to most of the young ones, he is leading the life every youngster dreams about . . . a gallant soldier of the King, resplendent in full-dress uniform, mounted on a beautiful black mare, cheered by thousands of people. Yes, this is the life!

But Jack is a National Serviceman, approaching the end of his compulsory enlistment. Ask him if he is going to stay in the Army and the answer is a doubtful shrug of the shoulders. It's O.K. for eighteen months, but for three years, five years, maybe twenty-five . . . Jack thinks probably not.

An older man, slim, with a dark moustache, and every inch of him proclaiming the words "regular soldier," is also in the ring. He's Jack's regimental sergeant-major, Warrant Officer David Walshe, twenty-five of whose forty years have been spent in uniform. With his lance held aloft and pennant flying, Walshe is proudly and completely a soldier. Ask him whether he'd do it again and he'll say: "Every time." His father was a soldier before him—a drill sergeant in the Irish Guards—and his sixteen-year-old son, David, hopes to be a soldier, too.

As One Man—In The Ring

Walshe has seen thousands pass through the Horse Transport Company. During the war he helped train the men for more than a hundred pack companies which played an important part in almost every theatre of war. Although this is the age of mechanical transport, there are still parts of the world more easily reached by mule: Cassino in the height of battle was one of them. Farriers, saddlers, wheelers—the company has turned them out in hundreds. Walshe has seen and done a lot in those twenty-five years.

When he and Holdsworth ride into the ring together, at the end of the display, they move in perfect unison, two expert horsemen each understanding the other, each knowing what the other will do. They are held together by a common skill, a common love of horses. The crowd senses this and applauds them and their fellow riders as a team, but unseen and unsuspected by the crowd, there lies a gulf between these two particular men as wide as the Atlantic Ocean. It is the gulf between the conscript and the Regular. Recruiting for the Regular Army lags badly. Why? The Royal Tournament arena is as good a place as any to look for the answer.

Holdsworth is a fairly typical National Serviceman. Neither genius nor dolt, he's healthy, well built, country born and city educated, without any overwhelming ambition but with a youth's normal desire for adventure and a longing to see some of those romantic, far-away places he's heard about. He's too young to be worried by thoughts of marriage or security for his old age. He likes table tennis and funny films, but above all else he likes riding horses. In fact he likes anything to do with horses—grooming them, watching them, or just being near them. They are the one great passion of his life: he's

Dress rehearsal at Aldershot. R.S.M. David Walshe, veteran soldier and expert horseman, looks on with his O.C., Captain George Boon, as civilian tailor checks a vaulter's Tournament costume

not ashamed to admit that he's carried a copy of *Black Beauty* around with him since he was a kid.

By a process which is no longer accidental, the Army put him into the Horse Transport Company within three weeks of his first reporting to the reception centre. Although he was in a specialized unit, he had to finish off his fourteen weeks' initial training like every other recruit. This is the dreary, monotonous period of "square bashing" which many outsiders say is enough to discourage anyone from joining the Army. But Jack got through it all right and he certainly doesn't quote drill and "spit and polish" as reasons against transferring to the Regulars. Once Jack had learned to march, shoulder arms and salute, he started learning to ride—the Army way. He'd been riding since he was six, when he was living in the village of Batley not far from Leeds, and when he left school he'd gone straight to work as a stable lad at a Leeds brewery. So he thought he knew quite a bit about horses, but he soon found the Army has its own way of doing everything, including riding. He learned that way—well enough to be one of thirteen men from the unit picked for this year's Royal Tournament team.

Reveille Was No Hardship

The Army didn't need to teach him that horses have to be fed and groomed, harness has to be polished, stables have to be cleaned. He'd been used to getting up at six in Leeds, and having five carthorses ready to go out on the road by eight, so the Army's 6 a.m. Reveille and 6.15 "Stables" proved no hardship. If anything, Army hours, with their hour-and-a-half lunch break and five o'clock finish, are a bit easier than the hours he was working in civvy street.

Living conditions? Well, perhaps his bed at home and mum's cooking are a bit better than what Aldershot has to offer, but against that there's the comradeship of the chaps in the Unit. For a shy lad like Jack, who is slow to make friends, this is a very real improvement in his way of life, though he may not appreciate it until he's a civilian again. Money? Jack's first pay packet was 38s. a week, raised to £2 10s. some time before he was called up. He turned his pay over to his mother for board, lodging and clothes, and she gave him his lunches and 15s. a week pocket money. In the Army he's drawing 27s. a week, and saving 9s., so he's better off so far as spending money goes. His chief extravagance is smoking—ten a day from Friday to Monday, then he cuts it down until next pay day.

The R.S.M. Definitely Likes It

On Army life, Driver Holdsworth and his R.S.M. are in fairly close agreement. Walshe finds the Army way of life not merely tolerable, but agreeable. With his length of service and allowances for a wife and five children, he nets about £10 a week, which he regards as quite satisfactory. Walshe has never taken advantage of the Army's offer of married quarters. He was born and brought up in the Guards' Depot at Caterham, and swore he'd never make his own wife and children live in a barracks. He started married life in two furnished rooms and has since managed to rent a pleasant little house.

It is the monotony of routine tasks, long hours, low pay, poorly cooked food, and barrack room hardships that are widely given as reasons for the lag in recruiting. But you get all that in civilian life, too, and these two particular soldiers are by no means alone in finding that the Army comes out of any comparison with much in its favour. Every week five men who have gone out and tried civilian life come back within six months on the three-year enlistment scheme.

One point where the critics are on firmer ground is the matter of uniform. Just about everyone is agreed that a return to prewar styles and standards of walking-out dress would give a tremendous fillip to recruiting. As a warrant officer, Walshe is expected to maintain a high standard of dress, and he does so partly out of his own pocket, but Holdsworth has to wear the issue uniform on duty and on leave. For the Tournament he has been specially issued with the R.A.S.C. full dress uniform of royal blue, with high white neckband. The tab in the coat shows it was made in 1903. "It makes you feel quite different," he says. It would cost a lot to fit out the Army in proper style, but recruiting officers think it would be worth it.

Holdsworth is inclined to be disappointed because he hasn't been sent overseas. Roughly one in every two National Servicemen get posted abroad, most of them to Germany. Holdsworth was unlucky: his special capabilities earned him posting to a home unit. The percentage of National Servicemen signing on for Regular service from Germany and other foreign stations is considerably higher than it is in the United Kingdom.

There's also a suspicion in Holdsworth's mind that, because he has stayed a driver during the eighteen months of his service, he would be likely to stay one indefinitely if he signed on. This, is a symptom of the psychological "low" which most soldiers reach during their second year. "Ask any old soldier when he felt most like chucking it up," said an experienced recruiting officer, "and he'd be pretty sure to say: 'During the second year.'" From this aspect the National Service period of eighteen months is badly chosen. Recruits stay just long enough to be browned off, and not long enough to be fully converted.

So far as promotion is concerned, the National Serviceman stands just as good a chance as the Regular—in theory. In practice, his chances of getting stripes are sometimes limited by a commanding officer's reluctance to build his unit organization around men who will be leaving him within a matter of months. On the other hand, the shortage of junior n.c.o.s is so great in most branches of the Service that a National Serviceman with the ability is fairly certain to get the reward.

A Chance To Become Officers

National Servicemen are also given the chance to qualify for commissions, and suitable men are sent to officer cadet schools even if their date of passing out coincides with their date of discharge. The Army doesn't gain any immediate benefit from them, but it's reckoned that they'll be of value to the Territorials. Of 38,000 men called up in 1948 and still serving, 1,700 have gained their commissions. Of the 1949 men, 1,900 are commissioned with more to come.

Most old hands say the Army life just isn't as attractive now as it was before the war, but they find it hard to say exactly why not. Pay, uniform, living conditions—yes, all these could be improved, but there's something more. Perhaps it is that the nation as a whole has had so much of soldiers and soldiering in the past decade that the Army is, temporarily at least, an overlooked profession.

Yet the appeal of the Royal Tournament shows that British people have not altogether lost their taste for the military life. It's a life which men can still find attractive despite the lure of high wages in civvy street. Take the testimony of Captain George Boon, Officer Commanding the Horse Transport Company, who leads Walshe and Holdsworth in the trick riding display:

"I joined up as a boy fresh out of school," he recalls, "and almost the first thing I remember is getting a clout over the ear. I went home to my father and begged him to buy me out, but he was a wise man. He refused. That was nineteen years ago, and I've had a great life since then. Sometimes I wonder if I'd have been better off as an auctioneer, which is what I'd first planned to be. But I know now that, though I might have been richer, I certainly wouldn't have been happier." THE END

STOLEN JOURNEY (5) by OLIVER PHILPOT

The Wooden Horse comes to life

The third man in the escape continues his own amazing true story

STALAG LUFT III had become a nightmare. For eighteen months now Oliver Philpot had been a p.o.w. in Germany despite many attempts to escape. It was time he took stock. True, the camp was difficult to crack, but men had got out; trouble was, none reached England. That was the hardest part of escape—from outside to home. The thing, then, was to plan that first—how and where he was to travel, what escape kit was needed. When the chance to get out did come, he would be ready.

BEFORE I COULD SETTLE the details of my escape I had to decide who I was going to be. My identity clearly hung on language. If I spoke perfect German I might as well be a German. I didn't. That ruled that out. In any case, why be a German? I could select a nationality from among those foreign people who acted as workers, clerks and so forth in Germany. I could be French, Polish, Dutch, Belgian, Italian—there was a large list to choose from.

The Germans weren't too good at languages, and if you said you were Italian, for instance, it seemed doubtful if a German policeman would catch you out solely on the language score. Yet there was always the chance of a super-zealous pro-Nazi Italian sitting next to you in the train (Tommy had had an adventure or two in this respect), or a Frenchman, who would soon see that you were an impostor.

Yet the basic reasoning was sound. There must be nations where sections of the population were known to be quislings, and yet whose nationals travelled very little in Germany, but who would not be looked at askance. Why not the nationality of Quisling himself? Why not a Norwegian?

I had a medium knowledge of German, and some knowledge of Germany—walking in Bavaria and working for some months with the Margarine Sales Union of Berlin before the war, in 1936, on a trainee-exchange scheme. To my certain knowledge, the Margarine Sales Union had—or used to have—depots and sales offices dotted all over Germany, quite a few towards the south. The Union also had liaison with factories all over Germany, and outside.

Here then was the clue. I would identify myself with the Union. I could then do what I considered most important. I could "legitimately" be travelling to any part of Germany—I could follow any point of the compass, and I could start from any point, which would allow for an unexpected change of camp. I would be a Norwegian on an exchange system with a German from the Union in Germany; six months' business experience of each other's companies in each other's countries.

At this stage I needed a Norwegian background. I went to see Haldo, a Norwegian airman. His English was quite good. He provided me with an address in little-visited Hammerfest and agreed to brief me on Quisling and to draft a letter indicating that I was a member of a Quisling group. "And what about your name?" he asked.

"Oh, yes. Must have a nice name—nice and easy—like John Smith."

"Well, then, your Christian name is Jon . . . Smith? We don't have Smith exactly . . . let me see, I think Jörgensen will do. Jon Jörgensen."

I continued my preparations. While still waiting for the letter from Haldo I got Hunter on to preparing my *Ausweis*—or passport. Then I tracked Stevens down. He was an expert on nearly everything German, especially documents. "You'll need an *Arbeitskarte*—a work card," he

Illustration by Zelinski

The sentry stared at the vaulting horse through his glasses. Satisfied, he began to laugh at the antics of the vaulters. It all looked very innocent

said. "And I'm not at all certain that you won't need a *Bestätigung* as well—a certificate which, in this case, shows that the authorities have issued you with your *Arbeitsbuch*, which is a book every worker must have."

In due course the letters were done and very fine they looked. Next I had to organize clothes. There were certain valuable supplies which had been made or smuggled in. They were mostly scarce and precious. Nobody fell over themselves to provide me—scheme-less—with clothes. But I got plenty of advice. My R.A.F. greatcoat, which my wife Nathalie had sent out to me in a parcel, would do, and civilian buttons were instantly available when the time came. Ralph, the illicit clothing officer, showed me a very fine hat, an Anthony Eden. This fitted nicely. Ralph could not promise it to me, as it could on no account be earmarked for one person but went to the next man out, if he wanted it. However, there was a promising reserve of cloth caps.

"What about a suit?" I asked. "Ruddy scarce," Ralph said, "but we can probably fit you up with a reasonable one when the time comes. You're standard size, luckily."

I Become A "Little X"

One day I walked towards my room in Hut 62. I could hardly get into it because two figures were in the way. They were Joe, the new head of escape, and Tommy, deep in conversation. "Why," said Tommy, looking at me, "here's your very man! We're looking for a 'little X' for Hut 62." Each hut had in it a "little X," who was a co-ordinator of escape, a contact man for the hut with the central over-all escape committee, of which Joe was the head.

"Well, let's get two things clear," I said. "One is I'm no advocate for escaping through wire; I think it's suicidal here—or apt to be. Secondly, I've never been 'out.'"

"Doesn't matter a hoot. You'll do it, won't you?"

The job was not very onerous. Most of the p.o.w.s regarded Sagan as uncrackable. You could hardly mention the word tunnel at Sagan—the compound was pitted with relics of discovered earthworks Escaping through the wire, too, had had its day, nor could you encourage people to go at the gate, when the most expert German-speakers in the camp were baffled, and when there was an ever-changing system of passes and a deliberate exchange of German conversation whenever someone passed through the gate.

Moreover, there was another gate to be gone through farther on, at which the incoming man signed a book; on going out he had to produce an identical signature. The vehicle way out was pretty well finished; sentries got cricks in their backs looking on top of, into, and underneath every cart or lorry that passed through. Rigid inspection like this was routine now—on both sides.

We had our duty-pilot system, with the p.o.w.s taking turns in quite openly logging the movements of Germans in and out of the camp, from the window of a hut near the gate. We could thus know at a glance if we had one, or nine, ferrets in the compound at any given time. But what did that avail us? We were not escaping. The duty-pilot system even helped the Germans at times, or so it was said. As they had revolvers and we hadn't they were given the duty-pilot records when they came up to the table and asked to look at them. Apparently Charlie Peltz, the chief ferret, was once very incensed to see that a young ferret whom he had ordered into the camp at 10 a.m. with instructions to stay till 3 p.m. had left at mid-day. The ferret got ten days, it was said.

Escape activity at that time was in the doldrums. The only current scheme of any promise that I knew of was the wash-house tunnel. I got on to the digging team for a short spell but not long afterwards the ferrets got wind of the tunnel. There was the usual dénouement—the fire-hose; collapse of tunnel and so on. "You'll never get out of Sagan," said the camp pessimists. "The ferrets and guards have got this place taped." I really could not think of an effective reply.

It was about this time, in the heat of the summer of 1943, that Bill and Mike approached me with their plan for the fantastic Wooden Horse. As we walked round the trip wire, away from hidden microphones or inquisitive ferrets, they explained the scheme to me.

"The trouble with tunnels at Sagan," Mike said, "is that they all, or nearly all, start under the huts. The ferrets look under the huts, stick down their prangers, and the tunnel is blown. So our tunnel starts right out in the open, away from the huts. And its entrance is concealed by the vaulting horse. The tunnel will be a nice short job, too—probably a moler." We paused. We had come to a goon-box. You didn't talk escape on the circuit within earshot of a goon-box.

"Damned ingenious, but how will you work it?" I asked. "You've got to get rid of a lot of sand to start with; you can't just sink into the sand like a clam."

"Got all that taped," said Mike, full of confidence and in his really expansive mood, eagerness showing in his lean, brownish face with the high cheek bones. "We keep the horse in a hut. Take it out with the digger inside. Bring it back with the digger, plus sand. Q.E.D.! Come on, Ollie, what are we waiting for? Get it registered for us, we want to get cracking."

"The escape committee won't jump for joy," I replied. "They didn't kill themselves with enthusiasm for that idea of having a wooden deck-chair-cum-settee from which somebody was going to dig. Something similar. . . ."

The scene in the escape chief's room in Hut 66 was one of sleep. Joe yawned, Dudley propped himself up on his elbow. Their reaction was that they'd heard a lot of crazy schemes, but this one. . . . Nevertheless, as Joe said, "Any scheme these days is a good one, almost—so many kriegies are sitting back just waiting for the invasion and home . . . besides it's got quite a lot of originality about it . . . although I can't imagine that Charlie will miss something like this . . . anyway, what do they want?"

"The O.K. to go ahead."

"Certainly, and good luck to them! Do they need any help? What about wood for the horse?"

"They can cope, they say."

"Well, let me know if there is anything I can lay on." I asked for cloth for the top. Joe suggested I approach Marcus, the Parcels Officer. He would probably have some from the outside wrappings of cigarette parcels. "Cheer-ho," said Joe. "Hee-haw!" said Dudley, with a wink.

Building The Horse

Bill and Mike bustled about. They stole wood from the new wash-house for the frame of the horse, and two long, strong beams with which it could be skewered from the side to enable four men to lift it. Nevertheless, it was going to be very light when empty, and Canadian three-ply Red Cross crates, which had contained food parcels, were dismantled to form the sides and ends. The sides came sloping down from the top to the ground; the ends were vertical.

Wings Maw, excellent on surreptitious carpentry, was seen to be helping on the job and most of the work demanding a strong saw was done with one which he kept—at times when the ferrets were at the far end of the camp. As for the rest of the work, this was carried on quite openly by Bill and Mike in the passageway of the canteen building. To the Germans, a vaulting horse was being built; chairs had been made by kriegies before, why not a horse?

We all thought at that stage that the tunnel, if it ever got started, would be a quick one. I believe we all had thirty-three hours in our minds.

One fine summer evening Bill and Mike gathered some athletic friends, and for the first time took the horse from where it stood in the passageway of the canteen building to a spot on the sand, out in the open.

The spot they chose was perhaps thirty-two feet from the trip barrier, and hence sixty-two feet from the nearest of the two wire fences, the danger strip territory being thirty feet wide—here you couldn't walk on pain of being fired upon. The horse was lifted to this position by four men. A beam went cross-wise through the front part of the horse, and one through the back. A man stood at the ends of each beam, and lifted. They staggered as with a heavy weight, although the horse was in reality very light.

I walked around the circuit to get a view of it all. As soon as the horse came out, the goon in the nearest box, perhaps a hundred feet away, leaned over his wooden rail and stared at it. He immediately looked up and down the length of the fence, wondering if someone was going to distract his attention with the horse while other p.o.w.s attempted the wire elsewhere. This procedure the goons would now carry out even if you spoke to them. He next studied the horse closely with field-glasses. Lastly, he disappeared into his little windowed shelter at the back and tele-

Home 1950, Chislehurst, Kent: Philpot's twin daughters Anne (left) and Barbara, son Nicholas

Home 1943, Sagan, Germany: A typical hutted-room housing eight p.o.w.s. "It was like living in an unpleasant and dirty hotel," says Philpot

phoned the German Security Department to notify them of something new.

Without any delay vaulting began. Mike turned out to be an expert, standing on his head and doing back somersaults; Bill was a good second. Others joined in, some expert, most not so accomplished. P.o.w.s gathered round to look at the new feature of the camp, and when an inexperienced vaulter attempted the more ambitious gymnastics and fell, they laughed, being joined in their laughter by the sentry, who hadn't seen anything so amusing for a long time.

I gave my mind to the "security" which Bill and Mike would obviously need. I thought that this would be best attained if I was in the duty-pilot's hut, and made a mental analysis of the goons who were in from time to time. This was, or seemed to be, important, as a goon such as Charlie or Stuhmeyer could detect tunnels—as it were—with radar; certain other goons could practically walk past men carrying bags of sand without realizing what they had seen.

From the duty-pilot's hut I could see well down into the German compound, the *Vorlager*, so that I could see Germans approximately two minutes before they got to our gate—if they were walking. From the south end of Hut 63 I could hang a towel (alongside other camp signals for other people) and from near the horse Bill could see it and be prepared to take emergency action. This didn't seem too bad to me; an accurate check of Germans and no stooging that was obvious to them, other than the duty-pilot system which they accepted.

From Vaulting To Digging

Before many days had passed the two horse-owners had had enough of simple vaulting. They had laid their foundations, so to speak. Within a few evenings the Germans had got used to the animal being brought out of the shadows of the canteen hut passageway to a certain spot by the wire. If they thought of it at all they probably considered that that particular spot was used because it lay between the patch of dirty sand known as the football pitch, and the other one known as the golf course. Also, at that particular spot there were only a few little pine stumps left in the ground. Bill and Mike were always very good at finding the exact spot without any hesitation, which would have been fatal. A tuft of grass here, a pine stump over there, guided them to get their line. The Germans had likewise become rapidly accustomed to the vaulting team, who were now quite skilful.

On July 8, 1943, Bill and Mike, having got the horse accepted by the enemy, began escape operations. They disappeared towards the canteen, wearing only their little shorts, and talking animatedly together. I went to the duty-pilot's room. The one ferret in the compound was not one of the most dangerous. He looked into a window or two, stooped and stared under the floorboards of Hut 62, and, as anticipated, gradually strolled past our window and out of the gate. The camp was ferret-free. . . . The digging began.

Hot And Cramped Inside

I received a message to say that the operation was over for the evening. Bill and Mike were walking slowly along to the wash-house, talking hard. I fell in with them. "Mike's done a good job today," said Bill, like an actor-manager praising an especially good member of his cast. "He's managed to sink . . . vertically . . . one side of a Canadian Red Cross box into the sand . . . underneath the horse."

"Good show . . . what's it like being carried out in the animal?" I asked Mike. He had been rather silent, a trifle tired, and was scratching some sand out of his hair. "Oh, not bad . . . not bad at all . . . there's enough room . . . you sit on one of the bearer beams . . . a bit of a job to keep your feet from dangling though . . . you support them on the slats at the edge of the three-ply panels—at the bottom of the horse."

"Mike says it's quite exciting going first down, and then up, the steps of the canteen."

"Yes . . . easy to fall off then . . . or let your feet dangle and then the goon in the box or a ferret might see."

"You were a hell of a time, Mike." I was used to mass production—bag after bag of sand. "It's ruddy hot in there, Ollie," said Mike, "and ruddy cramped . . . but one of the main worries is to avoid scattering fresh sand everywhere . . . it shows up like the devil."

"You brought some in, didn't you?"

"Yes, shoved some in a kit-bag. Bit of a job heaving it up high enough to loop it on to the hook inside the horse."

"I think it's a damn good start," said Bill, sturdily, "but it's difficult to cover over afterwards . . . Mike's done his best . . . but you might do a circuit and break off the path just there and casually kick some old, dirty sand over the spot . . . if you can do it without looking suspicious."

"O.K., Bill." And this I did, although it was hardly necessary, and when I got to the spot I thought Mike's concealment pretty good.

The days went by, with one session a day. Soon another box side was sunk, then the other two, and in due course a hollow vertical shaft was formed, the four sides being these three-ply sides of Canadian Red Cross boxes, each side being, say, thirty inches square.

The top rim of the vertical shaft, consisting of the top edges of the box sides, was perhaps nine or twelve inches below the surface of the sand. The vertical shaft was closed at the termination of each digging session by bed-boards being put across the top. These had to be evenly placed and with their edges properly flush with one another. Then Mike would put three bags of sand—about the size of three-pound bags of flour in grocery shops—on top of the boards. These bags were made of the legs of old battle-dress trousers—from the knees downwards—and their weight was to give stability to the boards and to stop any wobble.

Mike would then put loose sand down on top of, and between, the bags, the same sand as he had removed and kept on a blanket in the horse during the operation. There would then be a lot of smoothing over. Finally, the contents of a little bag with the original surface sand would be scattered all over the spot, rendering it in colour the same as that of the adjacent surface of the open compound. There could be no footprints left at this stage, because, if a ferret walked over the spot immediately after a vaulting session, he would be a little surprised to see a footprint right under where the horse had been standing. In a few minutes; however, people walked over the spot in the ordinary course of events, and this was no longer a danger.

Ignored Danger Signal

It wasn't long before we abandoned "security" altogether. I was having a row with Bill because one Sunday afternoon two ferrets had walked in, duly signalled by me. Bill, standing sturdily by the horse (with Mike inside), had paid no heed, and had continued to act as gym master, surveying the vaulters and helping the weaker ones over. The ferrets had stood a few yards away examining the scene, and had then, to everybody's relief, moved off to the shade of a far-away hut, in which they sat.

"But I signalled you, Bill!"

"Yes, Ollie, I *know*—but what could I do?"

"Pack the ruddy thing up, I suppose. You don't want to give it to them on a plate, do you?"

"Do you realize," Bill said, ". . . do you realize the time it takes . . . it's not one of those *diensts* where you slam the trap shut and in ten seconds there's nothing to be seen

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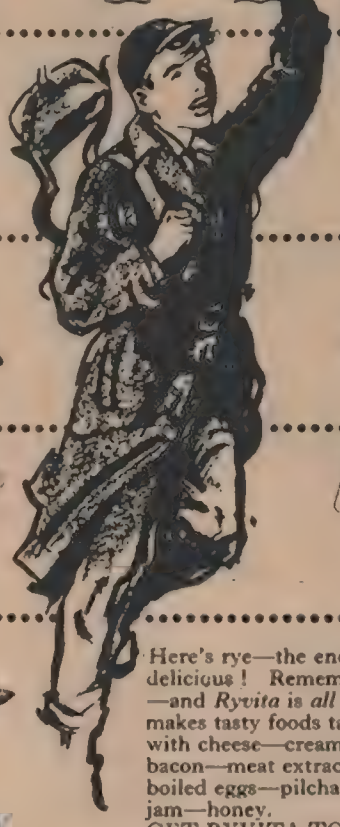

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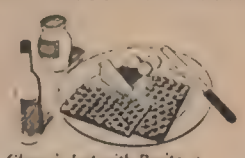

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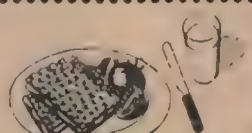

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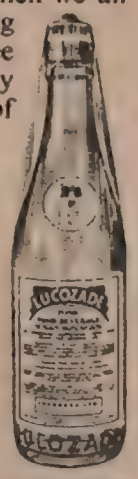

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except kriegies reading books, or washing themselves, or whatever's appropriate . . . it takes us *fifteen or twenty minutes* to pack up."

"Yes, I suppose it does." I could not get away from the idea that you only worked on escape schemes during ferret-free periods.

From then on, those on the horse scheme lived dangerously, in the sense that they ignored Germans of all types, including ferrets, and carried on whether or not they were standing with the p.o.w. spectators watching the vaulting. I called it "in-fighting." It was brand-new, but it was the only possible policy.

Bill's job was to control vaulting operations. A passer-by could always see his strong, round figure standing by the horse, patting its padded top, and encouraging some innocent to stand on his head there, and then "Over!"—and backwards he would topple in a vain endeavour to somersault on to his feet. When individual instruction began to pall or the individuals went on strike, Bill would dragoon four or five into a team which would all leap over the horse in sequence.

Then Mike's voice from the inside of the horse would be heard. Bill would round off the team vaulting effort smoothly, and rapidly get an individual vaulter to stand on his head on the horse. Looking at the vaulter, Bill would say, "Yes, Mike, what is it?" A voice from behind the three-ply would answer: "How long have I been and what's the time now?"

"You've been down an hour, and it's ten past seven—ten past seven—O.K.?"

"Right-ho"—from the horse—"I'll start closing the trap in about five minutes." This meant twenty or twenty-five minutes' more vaulting.

Fooled P.o.w.s, Too

From time to time all sorts of p.o.w.s would approach Bill. Some would want to vault. "O.K., but not in those boots . . . there's a chap inside . . . you see."

"A chap *inside?*" And it was obvious that by no means the whole camp realized that it was an escape attempt. This was shown in other ways when, wild-eyed and furtive p.o.w.s came up to Bill or me and said, "You know—couldn't something be done with that?"—nodding towards the horse and glancing round to make sure of not being overheard. "If you'd let me, I'd like to have a crack at making a tunnel from there. What about it?" They were politely thanked for their inspiration and went away, saddened. Meanwhile, the inventor of the Trojan Horse toiled away inside at his tunnel, his book of Latin poetry lying unread by his bunk back in the hut.

Sometimes our instructions were taken too carefully. And people who were asked, after a session, to kick a bit of old sand over the spot, *casually*, kept staring at it as if they expected a genie to appear. On parade p.o.w.s of another hut stood very close to the horse spot, and one day Bill said to me: "Look at that clot—what is he doing?" And we saw a prisoner jabbing the heel of his boot contemplatively into the sand over the trap.

"What the hell were you doing?" we roared, later. The unfortunate man said: "Me? . . . oh, I just wanted to see how strong your trap was . . . everybody walks over it . . . that's all right, isn't it?"

"Yes, you bloody fool, but they don't stand and stare and stick their heels in it—with a guard twenty feet away and the goons always looking at the spot from their boxes!" We got the man to vault for his sins.

The method of rounding off a vaulting session became a fine art. Voice from horse, "One minute more!" "O.K.," from Bill. The vaulters would be told to get tired. The vaulting tailed off. The bearer beams would then be skewered into the horse guided by Mike inside. Then the four bearer men would seize their ends of the beams and lift.

The goon would perhaps get out his glasses. Up would come the horse. There was a flat space of sand underneath—what he'd expect of course—and by now the animal was almost at the canteen door. It seemed to be fairly heavy (as indeed it was, on this journey). He would see the prisoners lift the horse up the two or three steps leading through the canteen door to the passageway. They always manoeuvred a bit here—the beams only just went through the width of the doorway. He wouldn't hear Bill shout, "Down at the back!" or have known why, had he heard. Nor would he have seen Mike's white feet trotting along under the horse from the top step onwards along the canteen passageway—to relieve the weight—because the back part of the horse was, indeed, held well down at an angle, almost scraping the floor.

Covering Up Their Tracks

The one bit of security procedure left would be gone through. As the beams were being extracted and the horse was being shoved to its well-known resting place at the side of the passageway, Bill would ask one of us, "Go and ask David if the coast is clear." David would be sitting in a tumbledown music-room nearby, with windows giving a wide view.

"Charlie's over by 64," would come the answer. "Not showing any signs of coming here. O.K.—if you're quick—tell me when you've finished." All the while David would keep his eyes on the suspected hut.

Two things would then happen. Firstly, a sandy Mike would crawl from under the horse as it was tipped up. He would be entirely naked, and would be quickly hustled into a little room to make himself normal. Secondly, the door to the adjoining room—a little barber's shop—would then be opened. Floorboards would come up—I had got a carpentry expert to do this for Bill—the kitbag would be dragged from under the horse, its contents tipped into the gap—and then down with the boards again. Specially adapted nails would be put in place once more in the floorboards. Meantime, the kitbag-hooks and other bits and pieces inside the horse would be removed and hidden.

A general fresh sand search and clearing up would follow. The horse would be left there openly—Mike-less, kitbag-less, and hook-less—perfectly innocent. All traces of the crime would have disappeared—or most of them.

Ferrets Find Our Sand

One morning Bill burst into our room. "It's all right, Ollie, don't move this time." I had put down the letter from home and was preparing to get out of my bunk. "They've found the horse scheme!"

Bill and I walked discreetly round the circuit. Opposite the canteen hut we slowed down. There in the passageway—the canteen's outside doors were now open—we could see the horse, obviously shifted from its normal position. We could see inside the barber's shop, through the window. I caught a glimpse of two bent overalled backs, clearly ferrets. They were doing something with the floor.

The Germans had, in fact, discovered the tunnel sand which had been brought there inside the Trojan Horse.

NEXT WEEK: The Wooden Horse survives a crisis. I go down the tunnel—and panic

April Fitz Lyon: A hold-up by a Russian sentry in Berlin began it all

She's never lost for words

by MARJORIE EARL

A love letter in Russian, a contract in Greek or a poem in Portuguese—April Fitz Lyon and her team will translate anything into anything

APRIL FITZ LYON is an attractive, exotic-looking brunette of twenty-nine who speaks Russian to the cook, French to her small son's nursemaid, is an expert on the cheese-mite, has a modest but impressive plan for boosting the export drive and is at present scouring London for a Chinese typewriter. She is head and originator of an enterprise named "Interlators," which will translate anything into any language, teach anybody to speak anything and will guarantee to help any businessman increase his exports by linguistic diplomacy.

Interlators began taking shape when Mrs. Fitz Lyon was in Germany just after the war, employed by the British occupation forces as a Russian interpreter. One day she was driving through the Soviet Zone of Germany to Berlin with a young British soldier. Although it was long before the Berlin blockade, occupation jitters were already widespread. On the way they were stopped by a fierce-looking, armed Russian sentry. The British soldier whipped out a gun and was about to get tough when Mrs. Fitz Lyon intervened, in Russian.

"He was stopping us to tell us to drive slowly because the road ahead was icy and blocked with snow," said Mrs. Fitz Lyon. "The incident worried me. If I hadn't been there to speak the language there might have been trouble." From then on she began thinking about starting a translation agency with diplomatic sidelines.

Interlators, which now employs 150 translators in nearly every known tongue, was born less than eighteen months ago. In the words of a ditty which she composed for the firm's Christmas greeting card:

An Interlator is a chap
Who can converse in Czech or Jap
Or type in Portuguese.

There are hundreds of translation agencies in England but Interlators, Mrs. Fitz Lyon claims, is distinguished from most of them because it specializes in jobs nobody else wants to tackle. Few, she says, deal in as many languages as Interlators or have made technical and literary translations their speciality. Eventually she hopes the firm will handle only these difficult and rejected translations, but at present it takes anything from a three-line letter to a three-volume book.

During a typical hour in Mrs. Fitz Lyon's morning the telephone rings with the following commissions: A businessman wants a 5,000-word paper on trade negotiations translated from Japanese and a 30,000-word book translated from Rumanian. Another wants four copies of a document on mining in Peru translated from Portuguese. A third request comes from a woman who wants a personal letter translated.

Interlators gets hundreds of letters, many of them love letters. Much of their correspondence is from American tourists and troops, now in London, who were previously on the Continent. "The Americans are not good linguists but they're good at making friends," says Mrs. Fitz Lyon.

Putting The Cook Right

Interlators is also doing a booming business translating letters from foreign applicants for domestic jobs in England. Recently one household hired an Italian cook through the medium of the translation agency but after she arrived Interlators had to translate the instructions for the use of the cooker and the household's favourite cook book.

Recently Interlators was commissioned to translate a biological treatise on the cheese-mite from Russian. Because she did not have a cheese-mite expert on the staff, Mrs. Fitz Lyon undertook this job herself. The cheese-mite, she learned, is the microscopic creature which inhabits cheese and creates the mould that makes it the gourmet's delight. Before undertaking the work she went to the British Museum where she read up on the tiny creature until she claims that she "knew more about it than anyone except another cheese-mite."

Sometimes Mrs. Fitz Lyon runs into an academic impasse. She was recently required to translate from English to French the scripts of some *Silly Symphonies*, a job she considers harder than translating a complicated treatise on engineering. One concerned a duck-billed platypus. The French word for this creature, whose name always gets a laugh in English, is *ornithorynque*. "You just can't have a duck-billed platypus in French, because to a Frenchman the word isn't funny," she explains. "Nobody would laugh. We had a lot of discussion about it and finally came to the conclusion that we'd have to leave it since we couldn't change the animal and we couldn't change the French language. But I can't believe the thing was much of a success."

Languages Are Grouped

Interlators' charge for translations varies, depending on the language, the length of the document and the degree of technicality. Usually, translation agencies charge by the folio, which is seventy-two words. But in the case of long documents or books of 30,000 words or more, Interlators' charges range from thirty shillings to four guineas per thousand words for the common languages, more for the less common and still more for the rare. Common languages are French, German, Italian. The less common, such as Polish, Arabic, Greek, Hungarian and Rumanian, come in the second price bracket, and the third, or rare group—such languages as Basque, Albanian, Chinese and Japanese— command top prices.

If a translation is being made into Chinese or Japanese, there is an extra charge for calligraphy. There is also an extra charge for typing and checking in a rare foreign language, but in no case would the charge be likely to go beyond five and a half guineas a thousand words.

Typing Is A Problem

If a customer wants a document translated into Greek and typed, it is necessary to find a translator, a typist and a typewriter and this is not always easy. Some interpreters have their own typewriters, with special keyboards; often embassies will lend them and London University has often proved to be a good friend to the young firm. "The bulk of the hard work is done by the translators themselves," Mrs. Fitz Lyon says. "They usually find the typewriters." She believes that her own intensive search in London for a Chinese typewriter will soon yield one.

Mrs. Fitz Lyon has long believed that the courtesy of language is a big boost to business. She was convinced of it last year at the British Industries Fair when she noticed a sign in Spanish which meant to say "This way to the snack bar" but actually said "This way to a kick in the pants."

This kind of mistake she felt to be an inexcusable insult to prospective buyers of British goods so she wrote to exporters listed in trade journals offering her services. This is how she stated her case:

When writing off to foreign firms
Do you employ our English terms?
Industrial experts in Tibet
Reject your offers with regret,
And baffled clients in Peru
Have nothing more to do with you.
You'll get the contracts that you seek
By writing off to Greece—in Greek.

Interlators' headquarters are in Guildford but Mrs. Fitz Lyon also has a flat in Earls Court, London, the lounge of which is lined with books from floor to ceiling, most of them dictionaries and reference books.

Teaching Her Baby Russian

The boss speaks Russian, French and Latin. She employs two secretaries, one of them French. She learned Russian some years before the war because, she says, she wanted to read Russian literature. This ability got her a war job in censorship and later an interpreter's post in the British Zone in Germany. When she returned to England she worked as an interpreter in a Government office, where her husband was doing the same job. She resigned in 1947 to have a baby and Interlators was born a year to the day after the Fitz Lyon son and heir.

The official language of the Fitz Lyon household is Russian because it is also a resident school for students of this difficult language. Only a few can be accommodated at one time but as a rule they advance quickly because no other language but Russian is spoken. Pupils include school and university students, military personnel and diplomats and amateurs who just want to learn Russian.

"In spite of the unpopularity of the Russians, Russian is a very popular language just now," Mrs. Fitz Lyon says. Her son, she says, speaks twenty words of Russian, twenty words of English and about 100 of his own invention. He will eventually, of course, be a linguist like his parents.

THE END

A TOWN LIKE ALICE

Part 3: THE AUSSIES . . . Cheating the Japs was their favourite sport. But Jean was uneasy. Joe was taking too many risks

by NEVIL SHUTE

WHEN JEAN PAGET came into £53,000, I, as family solicitor, was appointed trustee of the money, a legacy from her uncle. It took me a little time to trace Jean. She lived by herself and changed her flat frequently. Her father and brother had been killed in Malaya, and her mother had died in England.

I liked Jean very much. Since my wife died I have lived the life of an elderly bachelor at my club, and Jean's commonsense approach to life appealed to me. She was a quiet, reticent girl, curiously mature in her ways. She didn't rush into foolish spending. She thought over her change of fortunes quietly and sensibly.

I saw a good deal of her at that period, and tried to help her in deciding how she should use the money. Then, one rainy day, she called at my flat and told me she knew what she wanted to do. She wanted to go to Malaya—to dig a well.

I knew she had been in Malaya. But I knew nothing of the horrifying story she told me.

When the Japs landed, the women and children had been separated from the men. They had stayed for forty-one days living in primitive conditions in a village, until, the Jap commander tiring of the responsibility of looking after them, they had then been taken to a road and told to march to Kuala Lumpur where they would be taken to a prison camp.

It was forty-seven miles, a crippling, punishing march, in their sick state. But they never got there. The authorities at Kuala Lumpur didn't want them. They were redirected to Port Swettenham, to Klang, to Malacca . . . there and back across Malaya, the women and children trudged, their route marked by graves as disease struck again and again.

Jean had adopted the native dress. In her sarong, and carrying on her hip a baby whose mother had died, she looked completely native. One day, while heading for Kuantan, the women came across a lorry that had broken down. Men were working beneath it. Approaching nearer, Jean saw one of the men look up. She felt a small pang of excitement. He was white—the first white man she had seen for five months.

* * *

THEY crowded round the trucks; their guard began to talk in staccato Japanese with the truck guards. One of the men lying on his back under the axle, shifting spanner in hand, glanced at the bare feet and sarongs within his range of vision and said slowly: "Tell the bloody Nip to get those bloody women shifted back so we can get some light."

Some of the women laughed, and Mrs. Frith said, "Don't go using that language to me."

The men rolled out from under the truck and sat staring at the women and the children, at the brown skins, the sarongs, the bare feet. "Who said that?" asked the man with the spanner. "Which of you speaks English?" He spoke deliberately in a slow drawl.

Jean said laughing, "We're all English."

He stared at her, noting the black hair plaited in a pigtail, the brown arms and feet, the sarong, the brown baby on her hip. There was a line of white skin showing in the V of her tattered blouse. "Straits born?" he hazarded.

"No, real English—all of us," she said. "We're prisoners."

He got to his feet; he was a fair-haired powerfully built man about twenty-seven or twenty-eight years old. "Dinky-die?" he said.

She did not understand that. "Are you prisoners?" she asked.

He smiled slowly. "Are we prisoners?" he repeated. "Oh, my word."

There was something about this man that she had never met before. "Are you English?" she asked.

"No fear," he said in his deliberate way. "We're Aussies."

She said, "Are you in a camp here?"

He shook his head. "We come from Kuantan," he said. "But we're driving trucks all day, fetching this stuff down to the coast."

She said, "We're going to Kuantan, to the women's camp there."

He stared at her. "That's crook for a start," he said slowly. "There isn't any women's camp at Kuantan. There isn't any regular prison camp at all, just a little temporary camp for us because we're truck drivers. Who told you that there was a women's camp at Kuantan?"

"The Japanese told us. They're supposed to be sending us there." She sighed. "It's just another lie."

"The bloody Nips say anything." He smiled slowly. "I thought you were a lot of boongs," he said. "You say you're English, dinky-die? All the way from England?"

She nodded. "That's right. Some of us have been out here for ten or fifteen years, but we're all English."

"And the kiddies—they all English too?"

"All of them," she said.

He smiled slowly. "I never thought the first time that I spoke to an English lady she'd be looking like you."

"You aren't exactly an oil painting yourself," Jean said.

The other man was talking to a group of the women; Mrs. Frith and Mrs. Price were with Jean. The Australian turned to them. "Where do you come from?" he inquired.

Mrs. Frith said, "We got took in Panong, over on the west coast, waiting for a boat to get away."

"But where did you come from now?"

Jean said, "We're being marched to Kuantan."

"Not all the way from Panong?"

She laughed shortly. "We've been everywhere—Port Swettenham, Port Dickson—everywhere. Nobody wants us. I reckon that we've walked nearly five hundred miles."

"Oh, my word," he said. "That sounds a crook deal to me. How do you go on for tucker, if you aren't in a camp?"

She did not understand him. "Tucker?"

"What do you get to eat?"

"We stay each night in a village," she said. "We'll have to find somewhere to stay here. Probably in a place like this it'll be the school. We eat what we can get in the village."

He said: "Well, I'll be ——. Wait while I tell my cobber." He swung round to the other. "You heard about the crook deal that they got?" he said. "Been walking all the time since they got taken. Never been inside a prison camp at all." He turned back to Jean. "What happens if any of you get sick?"

She said cynically, "When you get sick, you get well or you die. We haven't seen a doctor for the last three months and we've got practically no medicines left, so we mostly die. There were thirty-two of us when we were taken. Now we're seventeen."

The Australian said softly, "Oh, my word."

Jean said, "Will you be staying here tonight?"

He said, "Will you?"

"We shall stay here," she said. "We shall be here tomorrow too, unless they'll let us ride down on your trucks. We can't march the children every day. We walk one day and rest the next."

He said, "If you're staying, Mrs. Boong, we're staying too. We can fix this bloody axle so as it will never roll again, if need be." He paused in slow thought. "You got no medicines?" he said. "What do you want?"

She said quickly, "Have you got any Glauber's salt?"

He shook his head. "Is that what you want?"

"We haven't got any salts at all," she said. "We want quinine, and something for all these skin diseases that the children have got. Can we get those here?"

He said slowly: "I'll have a try and see what I can do. You get fixed up somewhere to sleep, and I'll see you later."

"All right."

SHE went back to their sergeant and bowed to him because that pleased him and made things easier for them. She said, "Gunso, where yasme tonight? Children must yasme. We see headman about yasme and mishi?

He came with her and they found the headman, and negotiated for the loan of the school building for the prisoners, and for the supply of rice for mishi. They did not now experience the blank refusals that they formerly had met with when the party was thirty strong; the lesser numbers had made accommodation and food much easier for them. They settled into the school building and began the routine of chores and washing that occupied the bulk of their spare time. The news that there was no women prisoner's camp in Kuantan was what they had all secretly expected, but it was a disappointment, none the less. The novelty of the two Australians made up for this, because by that time they were living strictly from day to day.

At the trucks the Aussies got back to their work. With heads close together under the axle, the fair-haired man that Jean had talked to said to his cobber, "I never heard such a crook deal. What can we do to fix this bastard so as we stay here tonight? I said I'd try and get some medicines for them."

They had already rectified the binding brake that had heated up the near-side hub and caused the stoppage. The other said, "Take the whole bloody hub off for a dekko, 'n pull out the shaft from the diff. That makes a good show of dirty bits. Means sleeping in the trucks." After a while he asked: "How we going to get that medicine?"

"Petrol, I suppose. That's easiest."

It was already growing dark when they extracted four feet of heavy metal shafting, splined at both ends, from the back axle, and dripping with black oil. They showed it to the Japanese corporal in charge of them as evidence of their industry. "Yasme here tonight," they said. The guard was suspicious, but agreed; indeed, he could do nothing else. He went off

ILLUSTRATED BY MACKINLAY

He stared at her brown skin. "Straits born?" he asked. She said: "No, real English"

to arrange for rice for them, leaving them in the charge of a private.

On the excuse of a benjo, the fair-haired man left the trucks and in the half light retired behind a house. He slipped quickly down behind a row of houses, and came out into the street a couple of hundred yards down, towards the end of the village. Here there was a Chinese who ran a decrepit bus; the Australian had noted this place on journeys through Maran; they plied regularly up and down this road.

In his deliberate manner he said quietly, "Johnnie, you buy petrol? How much you give?" It is extraordinary how little barrier an unknown language makes between a willing buyer and a willing seller. At one point in the negotiation they resorted to the written word, and the Australian wrote GLAUBER'S SALT and QUININE and SKIN DISEASE OINTMENT in block letters on a scrap of paper.

He slunk behind the houses carrying three two-gallon cans and a length of rubber hose, which he hid behind the latrine.

In the darkness, early in the night, he came to the schoolhouse; it may have been about ten o'clock. One of the Japanese soldiers was supposed to be on guard all night, but as the women had not shown the slightest inclination to escape, the guards had long given up watching them at night. The Australian had made sure where they were, however, and when he had seen them squatting with the truck guards he came silently to the school.

At the open door he paused, and said quietly, "Which of you ladies was I talking to this afternoon? The one with the baby."

JEAN was asleep; they woke her and she pulled up her sarong and slipped her top on, and came to the door. He had several little packages for her. "That's quinine," he said. "I can get more of that if you want it. I couldn't get Glauber's, but this is what the Chinese take for dysentery. It's all written in Chinese, but what he says it means is three of these leaves powdered up in warm water every four hours. That'll be for a grown-up person. If it's any good, keep the label and maybe you could get some more in a Chinese drug shop. I got this ointment for the skin, and there's more of that if you want it."

She took them gratefully from him. "That's marvellous," she said softly. "How much did it all cost?"

"That's all right," he said in his deliberate manner. "The Nips paid, but they don't know it."

She thanked him again. "What are you doing here?" she asked. "Where are you going with the trucks?"

"Kuantan," he said. "We should be back there tonight, but Ben Leggat—he's my cobber—he got the truck in bits so we had to give it away. Get down there tomorrow, or we might stretch it another day if it suits, though it'd be risky, I think." He told her that there were six of them driving six trucks for the Japanese; they drove regularly from Kuantan up country to a place on the railway called Jerantut, a distance of about a hundred and thirty miles. They would drive up one day and load the truck with sleepers and railway lines taken up from the track, and drive back to Kuantan the next day, where the railway material was unloaded on to the quayside to be taken away by ship to some unknown destination. "Building another railway somewhere, I suppose," he said. A hundred and thirty miles is a long way to drive a heavily loaded truck in a day in tropical conditions, and they sometimes failed to reach Kuantan before dark; when that happened they spent the night in a village. Their absence would not be remarked particularly at Kuantan.

He had been taken somewhere in Johore, and had been driving trucks from Kuantan for about two months. "Better than being in a camp," he said.

She sat down on the top step of the three that led up to the school, and he squatted down before her on the ground. His manner of sitting intrigued her, because he sat down on one heel somewhat in the manner of a native, but with his left leg extended. "Are you a truck driver in Australia?" she asked.

"No bloody fear," he said. "I'm a ringer."

She asked, "What's a ringer?"

"A stockrider," he said. "I was born in

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Queensland out behind Cloncurry; and my people, they're all Queenslanders. My dad, he came from London, from a place called Hammersmith. I expect you know it. But I been working in the territory over to the west, on a station called Wollara. That's about a hundred and ten miles south-west of the Springs."

She smiled. "Where's the Springs, then?"

"Alice," he said. "Alice Springs. Right in the middle of Australia, halfway between Darwin and Adelaide."

"What do you do at this place Wollara?" she asked. "Do you look after sheep?"

He shook his head. "You don't find sheep around the Alice region," he said. "It'd be too hot for them. Wollara is a cattle station."

"How many cattle have you got?"

"About eighteen thousand when I came away," he said. "It goes up and down, according to the wet, you know."

"Eighteen thousand? But how big is it?"

"Wollara? About two thousand seven hundred."

"Two thousand seven hundred acres," she said. "That's a big place."

He stared at her. "Not acres," he said. "Square miles. Wollara's two thousand seven hundred square miles."

She was startled. "But is that all one place—one farm, I mean?"

"It's one station," he replied. "One property."

"But however many of you does it take to run it?"

His mind ran lovingly around the well-remembered scene. "There's Mr. Duveen—Tommy Duveen, he's the manager—and then me. I'm the head stockman, or I was. Tommy said he'd keep a place for me when I got back. I'd like to get back to Wollara again, one day. . . ." He mused a little. "We had three other ringers—whites," he said. "Then there was Happy, and Moonlight, and Nugget, and Snowy, and Tarmac. . . ." He thought for a minute. "Nine boongs we had," he said. "That's all."

"Nine what?"

"Black boys—black stockriders. Abos."

"But that's only thirteen men."

"That's right. Fourteen if you count Mr. Duveen."

"But can fourteen men look after all those cattle?" she asked.

"Oh, yes," he said thoughtfully. "Wollara is an easy station, in a way, because it hasn't got any fences. It's fences makes the work. We've got the Palmer River and the Levi Range to the north, and the sand country over to the west; the cattle don't go there. Then there's the Kernot Range to the south and Mount Ormerod and the Twins to the east. Fourteen men is all right for a station like that; it would be easier if we had more whites, but you can't get them. These bloody boongs, they're always going walkabout."

"What's that?" she asked.

"Walkabout? Why, an Abo ringer, he'll come up one day and he'll say, 'Boss, I go walkabout now.' You can't keep him. He'll leave the station and go wandering off just in a pair of pants and an old hat with a gun if he's got one, or a spear and a throwing stick, maybe, and he'll be away two or three months."

"But where does he go to?" she asked.

"Just travels. They go a long way on a walkabout—oh, my word," he said. "Four or five hundred miles, maybe. Then when he's had enough, he'll come back to the station and join up for work again. But the trouble with the boongs is, you never know if they'll be there next week."

There was a short silence; they sat quietly in the tropic night together on the steps of the atap schoolhouse, exiles far from their homes. Over their heads the flying foxes swept in the moonlight with a dry rustling of leathery wings. "Eighteen thousand cattle . . ." she said thoughtfully.

"More or less," he said. "Get a good wet, and it'll maybe rise to twenty-one or twenty-two thousand. Then you get a dry year, and it'll go right down to twelve or thirteen thousand. I reckon we lose about three thousand every year by drought."

"But can't you get them to water?"

He smiled slowly. "Not with fourteen men. There's enough cattle die of thirst each year in the Territory and northern Queensland to feed the whole of England. Course, the horses make it worse on Wollara."

"Horses?"

"Oh my word," he said. "We've got about three thousand brumbies, but you can't do nothing with them—they're vermin. Wollara used to be a horse station years ago, selling horses to the Indian Army, but you can't sell horses now. We use a few, of course—maybe a hundred, with packhorses and that. You can't get rid of them except by shooting, and you'll never get a ringer to shoot horses. They eat the feed the cattle ought to get, and spoil it, too. Cattle don't like feeding where a horse has been."

She asked, "How big is Wollara—how long, and how wide?"

He said, "Oh, I'd say about ninety miles from east to west, and maybe forty-five to fifty, north to south, at the widest part. But it's a good station to manage, because the homestead is near the middle, so it's not far in any one way. Over to the Kernot Range is the farthest; that's about sixty miles."

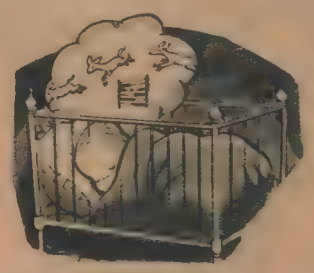
"Sixty miles from the homestead? That's where you live?"

"That's right."

"Are there any other homesteads on it?"

He stared at her. "There's only the one homestead on each station. Some have an outstation, a shack of some kind where the boys can leave blankets

NOW YOU KNOW



DOES your baby get enough sleep? To build his tissues, proper nourishment from sleep is as essential as nourishment from food.

To ensure baby's sleep observe these rules: make sure he has brought up all his wind and has a clean, dry nappy; tuck him in well—cot coverings should be warm but light and porous; give him fresh air; see that the mattress doesn't sag and the pillow is not too high.

It is best that baby should sleep in darkness. Try to straighten him out if he curls up during the night—but do it gently. If he is frightened, he won't sleep well. And nor will you.

and maybe a little tucker, but not many."

"How long does it take you to get to the farthest point then—to the Kernot Range?"

"Over to the Range? Oh, well, to go there and come back might take about a week. That's with horses; in a utility you might do it in a day and a half. But horses are best, although they're a bit slow. You never take a packhorse faster'n a walk, not if you can help it. It isn't like you see it on the movies, people galloping their horses everywhere—oh my word. You'd soon wear out a horse if you used him that way in the Territory."

They sat together for over an hour, talking quietly at the entrance to the schoolhouse.

At the end the ringer got up from his strange posture on the ground, and said, "I mustn't stay any longer, case those Nips come back and start creating. My cobber, too—he'll be wondering what happened to me. I left him to boil up.

Jean got to her feet. "It's been terribly kind of you to get us these things. You don't know what they mean to us. Tell me, what's your name?"

"Joe Harman," he said. "Sergeant Harman—Ringer Harman, some of them call me." He hesitated. "Sorry I called you Mrs. Boong today," he said awkwardly. "It was a silly kind of joke."

She said, "My name's Jean Paget."

"That sounds like a Scotch name."

"It is," she said. "I'm not Scotch myself, but my mother came from Perth."

"My mother's family was Scotch," he said. "They came from Inverness."

She put out her hand. "Good night, Sergeant," she said. "It's been lovely talking to another white person."

He took her hand; there was great comfort for her in his masculine handshake. "Look, Mrs. Paget," he said. "I'll try if I can get the Nips to let your party ride down on the truck with us. If the little bastards won't wear it, then we'll have to give it away. In that case I'll see you on the road again before you get to Kuantan, and I'll make darn sure there's something crook with the truck. What else do you want?"

"Soap," she said. "Could you possibly get us soap?"

"You'll have it." He hesitated, and then said, "Sorry I talked so much, boring you with the outback and all that. There's times when you get down a bit—can't make yourself believe you'll ever see it again."

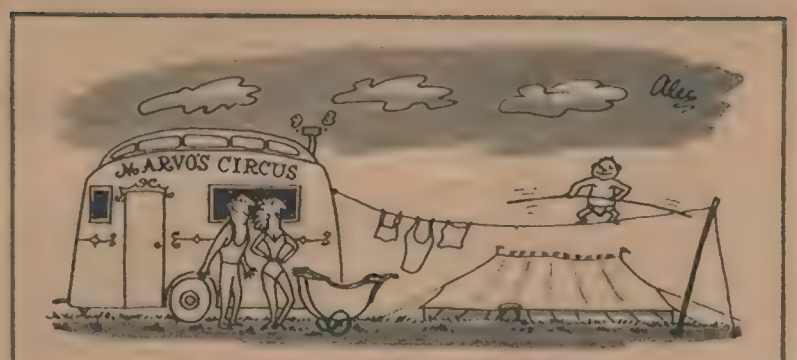
"I wasn't bored," she said softly. "Good night, Sergeant."

"Good night."

In the morning Jean showed the women what she had got. "I heard you talking to him ever so long," Mrs. Price said. "Nice young man, I'd say."

"He's a very homesick young man," Jean said. "He loves talking about the cattle station he comes from."

"Homesick!" Mrs. Price said. "Aren't we all?"



"He started walking this morning!"

The Australians had a smart argument with their guard that morning, who refused point blank to let the women ride down on the trucks. There was some reason in this from their point of view, because the weight of seventeen women and children added to two grossly overloaded trucks might well be the last straw that would bring final breakdown, in which case the guards themselves would have been lucky to escape with a flogging at the hands of their officer. Harman and Leggat had to put the back axle together again; they were finished and ready for the road about the middle of the morning.

Joe Harman said, "Keep that little bastard busy for a minute while I loose of the union." He indicated the Jap guard. Presently they started, Harman in the lead, dribbling a little petrol from a loosened pipe joint, unnoticed by the guard. It was just as well to have an alibi when they ran out of fuel, having parted with six gallons to the Chinaman.

From Maran to Kuantan is fifty-five miles. The women rested that day at Maran, and next day began the march down the tarmac road. They reached a village called Buan that night. Jean had looked for Joe Harman's truck all day expecting to see it returning; she was not to know that it had been stranded overnight at Pohoi, short of petrol, and was a day late on the return journey. They stayed next day at Buan in an atap shed; the women took turns with Jean watching for the truck. Their health already was somewhat improved. After the railway track and the jungle paths the tarmac road was easy walking, and the medicines were already having an effect. The country, too, was growing higher and healthier, and the more imaginative of them were already saying they could smell the sea. The two Australians had had a marked effect on their morale.

They did not see Joe Harman's truck as it passed through. Instead, a Malay girl came to them in the evening with a brown paper parcel of six cakes of carbolic soap; it was addressed to Mrs. Paget. Written on the parcel was a note which read:

Dear Lady,

I send some soap which is all that we can find just at present but I will get more later on. I am sorry not to see you but the Nip won't let us stop so I have given this to the Chinaman at Maran and he says he will get it to you. Look out for us on the way back and I will try to stop then.

Joe Harman.

The women were delighted. "Real soap," said Mrs. Warner, sniffing it ecstatically. "You can just smell the carbolic in it! My dear, wherever do you think they got it?"

"I'd have two guesses," Jean replied. "Either they stole it, or they stole something to buy it with." In fact, the latter was correct. At Pohoi their Japanese guard had taken off his boots to wash his feet at the village well; he washed his feet for about thirty seconds and turned round, but the boots had vanished; it could not have been either of the Australians because they both appeared immediately from the other direction. The mystery was never cleared up. Ben Leggat, however, was most helpful and stole a pair from a sleeping Japanese that evening and gave them to their guard, who was so relieved that he gave Ben a dollar.

The next day the women marched to Berkapor. They were coming out into much better country now, a pleasant, relatively healthy part where the road wound round hillsides and was mostly shaded by the overhanging trees. At Berkapor they were accommodated in a large atap copra shed beside the road, and just before dusk the two familiar trucks drew up in the village, driven by Ben Leggat and Joe Harman. As before, they were headed for the coast and loaded high with railway lines and sleepers.

Jean and several of the others walked across the road to meet them, with the Japanese sergeant; the Japanese guards fell into conversation together. Joe Harman turned to Jean. "We couldn't get loaded at Jerantut in time to make it down to Kuantan tonight," he said. "Ben's got a pig."

"A pig?" They crowded round Ben's truck. The corpse was lying on top of the load, a black, long-nosed Oriental pig, somewhat mauled and already covered in flies. Somewhere near the Tekam River, Ben, whose truck was in the lead, had found this pig upon the road and had chased it with the truck for a quarter of a mile until the Japanese guard beside him had a chance to shoot it.

Harman said quietly to Jean: "We'll have to let the bloody Nips eat all they can and carry away a bit. Leave it to me; I'll see there's some for you."

Later, the women got about thirty-five pounds of boiled pig meat, conveyed to them surreptitiously in several instalments. They lit a fire and made a stew with their rice ration, and ate all of this that seemed prudent to them. It was the first really nourishing meal that they had had for months. Presently the Australians came across to talk to them.

Joe Harman came to Jean. "Sorry I couldn't send over more of that pig," he said in his slow Queensland drawl. "I had to let the bloody Nips have most of it."

She said: "It's been splendid, Joe. We've been eating and eating, and there's still lots left for tomorrow. I don't know when we last had such a meal."

"I'd say that's what you need," he observed. "There's not a lot of flesh on any of you, if I may say so."

He squatted down upon the ground beside the women, sitting on one heel in his peculiar way.

"I know we're pretty thin," Jean said. "But we're a darned sight better than we were. That Chinese stuff you got us as the substitute for Glauber's salt—that's doing the trick all right."

The Australian sat thoughtful, chewing a piece of stick. "Funny sort of a life for you," he said at last. "Living in a place like this, and eating like the boongs. These Nips will have something coming to them when it's all added up. What were you all doing in Malaya?" he asked.

"Most of us were married," she said. "Our husbands had jobs here."

Mrs. Frith said: "My hubby's district engineer on the railway. We had ever such a nice bungalow at Kajang."

Harman said: "All the husbands got interned separately, I suppose?"

"That's right," said Mrs. Price. "My Arthur's in Singapore. I heard about him when we were in Port Dickson. I think they're all in Singapore."

"All comfortable in a camp while you go walking round the country," he said.

"That's right," said Mrs. Frith. "Still, it's nice to know that they're all right in a camp, when all's said and done."

"It seems to me," said Harman, "the way they're kicking you around, they just don't know what they can do with you. It might not be too difficult for you to just stay in one place, as it might be this, and live till the war's over."

Mrs. Frith said: "That's what I've been thinking."

Jean said: "I know. I've thought of that ever since Mrs. Frith suggested it. The trouble is, the Japs feed us—or they make the village feed us. The village never gets paid. We'd have to earn our keep somehow, and I don't see how we could do it."

Harman said: "I suppose not. It was just an idea."

He said presently: "I believe I know where I could get a chicken or two. If I can I'll drop them off for you when we come up country, day after tomorrow."

Jean said: "We haven't paid you for the soap yet."

"Forget about it," he said slowly. "I didn't pay cash for it myself. I swapped it for a pair of Nip rubber boots." With slow, dry humour he told them about the boots. "You got the soap, the Nip got another pair of boots, and Ben got a dollar," he said. "Everybody's happy and satisfied."

Jean said: "Is that how you're going to get the chicken?"

"I'll get a chicken for you, one way or another," he said. "You ladies need feeding up."

She said: "Don't take any risks."

"You attend to your own business, Mrs. Boong," he said, "and take what you get. That's what you have to do when you're a prisoner, just take what you can get."

She smiled, and said, "All right." The fact that he had called her Mrs. Boong pleased her; it was a little tenuous bond between herself and this strange man that he should pull her leg about her sunburn, her native dress, and the baby that she carried on her hip like a Malay woman. The word boong put Australia into her mind and the aboriginal stockriders, and she asked him questions about his home country.

"I suppose everybody likes his own place," he said quietly. "The country round about the Springs is my place. People come up from Adelaide and places in the south, and they say Alice is a lousy town. I only went to Adelaide once, and I thought that was lousy. The country round about the Springs is beautiful to me."

He mused. "Artists come up from the south and try and paint it in pictures," he said. "I only met one that ever got it right, and he was an Abo, an Abo called Albert out at Hermansburg. Somebody gave him a brush and some paints one time, and he started in and got it better than any of them, oh my word, he did. But he's an Abo, and he's painting his own place. I suppose that makes a difference."

He turned to Jean. "What's your

Continued on page 27

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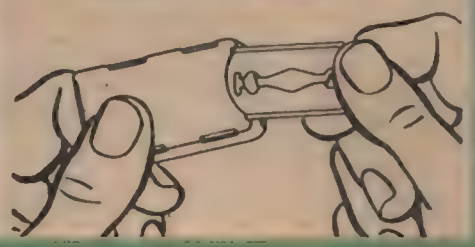


PERSONNA

Precision Blades

in new ZIPAK dispenser

10 blades for 2/6

A TOWN LIKE ALICE

Continued from page 25

place?" he asked. "Where do you come from?"

She said, "Southampton."

"Where the liners go to?"

"That's it," she said.

"What's it like there?" he asked.

She shifted the baby on her hip and moved her feet in the sarong. "It's quiet and cool and happy," she said thoughtfully. "It's not particularly beautiful, although there's lovely country round about—the New Forest and the Isle of Wight. It's my place, like the Springs is yours, and I shall go back there if I live through this time, because I love it so." She paused for a moment. "There was an ice rink there," she said. "I used to dance on the ice when I was a girl at school. One day I'll get back there and dance again."

PRESENTLY he got up to go; she walked across the road with him towards the trucks, the baby on her hip, as always. "I shan't be able to see you tomorrow," he said. "We start at dawn. But I'll be coming back up the road the day after."

"We shall be walking to Pohoi that day, I think," she said.

"I'll see if I can get you those chickens," he said.

She turned and faced him, standing beside her in the moonlit road, in all the noises of the tropic night. "Look, Joe," she said. "We don't want meat if it's going to mean trouble. It was grand of you to get that soap for us, but you did take a fearful risk, pinching that chap's boots."

"That's nothing," he said slowly. "You can run rings round these Nips when you learn how."

"You've done a lot for us," she said. "This pig, and the medicines and the soap. It's made a world of difference to us in these last few days. I know you've taken risks to do these things. Do, please, be careful."

"Don't worry about me," he said. "I'll try and get the chickens, but if I find things getting hot I'll give it away. I won't stick out my neck."

"You'll promise that?" she asked.

"Don't worry about me," he said. "You've got enough troubles on your own plate, my word. But we'll come out all right, so long as we just keep alive, that's all we got to do. Just keep alive another two years, till the war's over."

"You think that it will be as long as that?" she asked.

"Ben knows a lot more than I do about things like that," he said. "He thinks about two years." He grinned down at her, put out his hand as if to take her own, and then dropped it again. "Good night, Mrs. Boong," he said.

She laughed. "I'll crack you with a coconut if you say Mrs. Boong again. Good night, Joe."

"Good night."

They did not see him next morning, though they heard the trucks go off. They rested that day at Berkapor, as was their custom, and the next day they marched on to Pohoi. The two trucks driven by Harman and Leggat passed them on the road about midday going up empty to Jerantut; each driver waved to the women as they passed, and they waved back. The Japanese guards seated beside the drivers scowled a little. No chickens dropped from the trucks and the trucks did not stop; in one way Jean was rather relieved. No chickens meant no trouble, and she marched on for the rest of the day with an easy mind.

That evening, in the house that they had been put into at Pohoi, a little Malay boy came to Jean with a green canvas sack; he said that he had been sent by a Chinaman in Gambang. In the sack were five black cockerels, alive, with their feet tied. Poultry is usually transported in the East alive.

Their arrival put Jean in a difficulty, and she consulted Mrs. Frith. It was impossible for them to kill, pluck and cook five cockerels without drawing the attention of their guards to what was going on, and the first thing that the guards would ask was, where had the cockerels come from? If Jean had known the answer to that one herself it would have been easier to frame a lie. It would be possible, they thought, to say that they had bought them with money given to them by the Australians, and that they had arranged for the poultry to be sent to them at Pohoi from a village called Limau, two or three miles off the road. It was a thin tale and one that would not stand up to a great deal of investigation, but they saw no reason why any investigation should take place.

THEY decided regretfully that they would have to part with one of the five cockerels to their guards. The gift of a chicken would make the sergeant sweet and involve him in the affair, rendering any serious investigation unlikely. Accordingly, Jean took the sack and went to find the sergeant.

She bowed to him, to put him in a good temper. "Gunso," she said, "good mishi tonight. We buy chickens." She opened the sack and showed him the fowls. Then she reached down and pulled out one. "For you." She smiled at him with all the innocence that she could muster.

He was very surprised. He had not known that they had so much money.

"Where get money?" he inquired. Suspicion had not dawned, for they had never deceived him before; he was just curious.

For one fleeting moment Jean toyed with the idea of saying they had sold some jewellery, with a quick, intuitive feeling that it would be better not to mention the Australians. But she put the idea away; she must stick to the story that they had prepared and considered from all angles. "Man prisoner give us money for chicken," she said. "They say we too thin. Now we have good mishi tonight, Japanese and prisoner also."

She showed him the sack, and he counted them carefully. It was only then that she took note of the fact that the birds were rather unusually large for the East and jet black all over. "One for you, four for us."

He let the sack fall and nodded; then he smiled at her, tucked the cockerel under his arm and walked off with it towards the kitchen where his meal was in preparation.

A CONSIDERABLE row was in progress at Kuantan that day. The local commanding officer was a Captain Sugamo, who was executed by the Allied War Crimes Tribunal in the year 1946 after trial for atrocities committed at Camp 302 on the Burma-Siam railway in the years 1943 and 1944. His duty in Kuantan at that time was to see to the evacuation of the railway material from the eastern railway in Malaya and to its shipment to Siam. He lived in the house formerly occupied by the district commissioner of Kuantan, and the district commissioner had kept a fine little flock of about twenty black Leghorn fowls, specially imported from England in 1939. When Captain Sugamo woke up that morning, five of his twenty black Leghorns were missing, with a green sack that had once held the mail for the district commissioner, and was now used to store grain for the fowls.

Captain Sugamo was a very angry man. He called the military police and set them to work. Their suspicion fell at once upon the Australian truck drivers who had a record for petty larceny unsurpassed in that district. Moreover, they had considerable opportunities, because the nature of their work allowed them a great deal of freedom; trucks had to be serviced and refuelled, often in the hours of darkness when it was difficult to ascertain exactly where each man might be. Their camp was searched that day for any sign of tell-tale feathers, or the sack, but nothing was discovered but a cache of tinned foods and cigarettes stolen from the quartermaster's store.

Captain Sugamo was not satisfied and he became more angry than ever. A question of face was now involved, because this theft from the commanding officer was a clear insult to his position, and so to the Imperial Japanese Army. He ordered a search of the entire town of Kuantan. On the following day every house was entered by troops working under the directions of the military police to look for signs of the black feathers or the green sack. It yielded no result.

Brooding over the insults levelled at his uniform, the captain ordered the barracks of the company of soldiers under his command to be searched. There was no result from that.

There remained one further avenue. Three of the trucks driven by Australians were up country on the road to or from Jerantut. Next day Sugamo dispatched a light truck up the road manned by four men of his military police, to search these trucks and to interrogate the drivers and the guards and anybody else who might have knowledge of the matter. Between Pohoi and Blat they came upon a crowd of women and children walking down the road loaded with bundles; ahead of them marched a Japanese sergeant with his rifle slung over one shoulder and a green sack over the other. The truck stopped with a squeal of brakes.

For the next two hours Jean stuck to her story, that the Australian had given her money and she had bought the fowls from Limau. They put her through a sort of third degree there on the road, with an insistent reiteration of questions. When they felt that her attention was wandering they slapped her face, kicked her shins, or stamped on her bare feet with army boots. She stuck to it with desperate resolution, knowing that it was a rotten story, knowing they disbelieved her, not knowing what else she could say. At the end of that time a convoy of three trucks came down the road. The driver of the second one, Joe Harman, was recognized by the sergeant immediately and brought before Jean at the point of the bayonet. The sergeant of the military police said: "Is this man?"

Jean said desperately: "I've been telling them about the four dollars you gave me to buy the chickens with, Joe, but they won't believe me."

The military policeman said: "You steal chickens from the shoko. Here is bag."

The ringer looked at the girl's bleeding face and at her bleeding feet. "Leave her alone, you bloody —— bastards," he said angrily in his slow Queensland drawl. "I stole those —— chickens, and I gave them to her. So what?"

DARKNESS was closing down in my London sitting-room, the early darkness of a stormy afternoon. The rain still beat upon the window. The girl sat staring into the fire, immersed in her sad memories.

"They crucified him," she said quietly. "They took us all down to Kuantan, and they nailed his hands to a tree and beat him to death. They kept us there and made us look on while they did it."

To be continued next week

THE HUMAN MACHINE by ROFFE THOMPSON

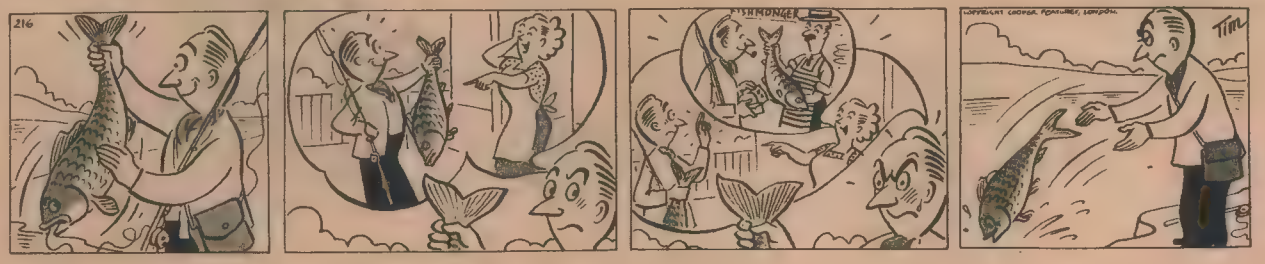
Take Your Share

STRAIGHT thinking is not only a necessity, but a duty. There is a widespread inclination to enjoy the rights and privileges of the community, yet evade the responsibilities that such enjoyment entails.

To develop and maintain a decent community involves much more than a policy of every man for himself. You can have it that way if you like—but what sort of society is going to result? Self-righteousness—the "thank God I am not as other men" attitude—is just as dangerous.

Whatever human nature is, we're each part of it, and we might as well face up to the fact. Whatever virtues and defects it has, we're as much responsible for them as anyone else.

OH, JOHNNY! *by TIM*



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TYPIST'S ERROR

Continued from page 11

offended. "I am *not* a gambler, sir. I have a system by which I make a regular tax-free income."

Mr. Siskin gasped faintly.

"It's very simple," Dundas smiled. "I back horses for second place. For *second* place only. With a little experience you can keep your losses down to insignificant proportions. The profits are not large, but they're steady. I cordially recommend it as a sideline, sir."

"Thank you," Mr. Siskin choked. "I shall make a note of it." He stared at his employee in mingled fury and fascination. "Tell me about yourself, Dundas."

Mr. Dundas spoke of his home in Boxley Green. Of his wife, Muriel, his two daughters, Eileen and Stella, and his grandchild, Edward, aged six. He congratulated himself on the excellence of his health, which for twenty years had enabled him to catch the eight twenty-two from Boxley Green Station and arrive at Perring and Davis, Ltd., at nine every morning, leave at 5.30 p.m., and be home for dinner just before seven.

MR. SISKIN listened in a sort of cold fascination. At the end, he said: "Tell me, Dundas, has any of your excess energy been devoted to the interests of this firm?"

Mr. Dundas did not seem to notice the irony. He said confidentially: "Oh, yes, sir; in what you might call a human interest sort of way."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. I often walk round the store as if I was a customer, just watching people and listening to what they say. The reasons why they go for some lines, and sheer away from others. The way one kind of window display'll fetch 'em in, and another'll just fall flat. And the toy department at Christmas time, sir—that's a real joy to see. And yet, you know, it's a funny thing, but—it isn't the kiddies you have to cater for at all. It's the grown-ups. And they'll always buy a badly made novelty rather than a solid line like that reversing motor-car we stocked last season. That's why I reckon our pricing's all wrong in the toy department, sir. Most people have no sense of quality at all, sir. Those sixteen-and-sixpenny fountain pens we couldn't sell, for example. Nobody'd believe what first-class jobs they were. But I'll guarantee that if we'd put the price up to two guineas the whole stock would have been cleared!"

"I see." Mr. Siskin cleared his throat. "And you've been doing all this for ten years, Dundas?"

"Yes, sir." The colour suddenly drained from the elderly man's face as he awoke to reality. He muttered: "I—I amuse myself by writing it all down in my diary."

"I should like to see that diary," Mr. Siskin said.

Mr. Dundas looked agitated. "Oh, I couldn't show it to anyone, sir. It's private."

"You wrote it in office hours, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then it is the firm's property. I demand to see it."

"But, sir——" Mr. Dundas was wild-eyed. "It's highly confidential! It——" he gulped miserably. "It contains my private opinion of everybody in the firm!"

"That should be most instructive. Show it to me."

Trembling, Mr. Dundas handed over nearly a dozen bulky ledgers: Perring and Davis cash-books. He sat down and held his head in his hands. Mr. Siskin opened the top volume and began to read.

He went on reading for about twenty minutes. His expression changed from anger to helpless amusement, from astonishment to keen absorption.

Then there was a knock at the door. A frightened-looking secretary came in with some papers. She gave them to Mr. Siskin and scuttled out again. Mr. Siskin frowned at them, then gave an exclamation of astonishment.

"It seems, Dundas, that you were on a list of employees to be laid off in 1939. That was before our pension scheme began."

"Then—why *wasn't* I sacked, sir?"

Mr. Siskin's lips tightened. "You *were*."

"Sir?"

"Your name is here, at the foot of the top copy. But it is *not* on the carbon copy. The carbon got crumpled, I expect—they often do. And it was the first carbon that was used when sending out notices of dismissal." Mr. Siskin paused. "You owe your job here during the last ten years to a typist's error."

"I see, sir."

Mr. Siskin looked keenly at the crestfallen figure. He said: "I'd like to buy this diary from you, Dundas."

"Buy it?" Mr. Dundas stammered.

"Certainly. It is a complete and detailed report on the firm's activities during a decade. It is frank to the point of being insulting. And it contains some extremely shrewd observations on sales psychology."

Mr. Dundas looked dazed. "I'm glad you think so, sir."

"I do, Dundas. Nevertheless I am going to sack you."

Mr. Dundas suddenly looked very old. He tried to say something, but failed.

"What else can I do, Dundas?" Mr. Siskin said reasonably. "In your present capacity you've been a passenger for ten years." His eyes gleamed. Something in the drama of the situation appealed to him.

"It won't be easy to find another post at my age——"

FOR the first time a smile appeared on Mr. Siskin's diabolical little face. "On the contrary, I don't think you will find the slightest difficulty."

Mr. Dundas looked at him uncomprehendingly.

"*I* propose to employ you, Mr. Dundas. I should like to retain your services as sales adviser." Carelessly Mr. Siskin named a salary that left Mr. Dundas rigid with amazement. "I shall simply consult you from time to time."

He paused and looked strangely at Mr. Dundas, who was struggling to express his gratitude. "You will continue to occupy this office, Mr. Dundas."

"Very good, sir."

Mr. Siskin rose and moved towards the door. Mr. Dundas sprang forward to open it for him. On the threshold Mr. Siskin paused and turned to deliver one of his rare philosophic utterances. "You will always be a reminder to me, Dundas," he said, "that organization is never perfect, and that a certain amount of muddle is inevitable. For if there is no muddle, there are no surprises. And if there are no surprises in life, then what the devil are we all doing here?"

"That's—just the way I feel, sir," Mr. Dundas gasped.

"Good morning, Dundas."

"Good morning, sir." THE END

JOHN BULL June 3 1950

The Gilded Lily

by PAULINE E. FURNISS

ILLUSTRATED BY R. SCOTT

What a name for a plough horse! And what a row about the price! It seemed a crazy deal

The customs man yelled: "Why fight about it? Split the difference"

ON FRIDAY MORNING the sun was shining, although there was a bite in the wind. Big Billy McKee was waiting for me, and we caught the bus as arranged. But all he would tell me was that we were to meet his cousin Joe, and that I might get a bit of a laugh. When we got to town, Billy, instead of looking for a cosy corner, pushed me on to another bus, and, before I knew, we were heading for the border that divides Northern from Southern Ireland, a frontier drawn, as it were, haphazard, across the whole country. And all the time Billy was talking twenty to the dozen about every subject under the sun except why we were taking this jaunt across country.

Big Billy had a neat wee farm in the heart of Northern Ireland, in the farming county of Down, and a tidy penny he could have made out of it if his mind had been on the job. But Billy was always in a bit of a hurry where the money was concerned. His corn was sold before it got its head right out of the ground. He tried the poultry for a while; but hens are cold, unlovable brutes, and Billy, who was a companionable sort of chap, soon got tired of them and swapped them for the dog, a greyhound. Unhappily, the greyhound had been stolen within the week by a tinker.

When at last the bus stopped for the customs examination Billy got out. I followed him, although I hadn't a notion what was going to happen next.

"Sit down," said Billy, seating himself on the form standing outside the hut that serves as an office for the customs officials. He pulled his coat about him against the wind, and, holding up his hand to ward off my questions, gazed at the customs man coming across the road towards us.

"That's not a bad day," said the customs man.

"It's not," replied Billy, "but the wind has a touch of winter in it."

"Are you going through or what?" asked the customs man.

"We are not," said Billy. "What'd take us?"

"The price of it, maybe."

"Away, officer. A decent God-fearin' family man like myself, and my friend here? Are ye tryin' to lead us astray or what?"

This was news to me; Billy had neither wife nor child, and not even a woman to look after him, for with his practical joking he's not a man women put up with easily.

"You don't look as if you'd take much leading," remarked the customs man. "If it come to that, I could do with a snort myself, just to keep out the cold, of course." He paused reflectively.

"It helps," said Billy. "Especially if you're waitin'."

"Oh, well, if you're waiting, come inside and wait. There's a fire of sorts, and you'll be out of the breeze."

The customs man opened the door of the hut. It was small and barely furnished with a desk, two hard chairs, some papers and a calendar advertising Belfast shipbuilding.

"Now," he said, "what are you waiting for?"

Billy leaned forward earnestly: "I was down visitin' me cousin by marriage in Meath last month. He's got a useful acre or two down there. But unfortunately, like, I happened to mention to him that I was lookin' for a horse. Before I knew where I was, I had one."

BILLY sounded plaintive. The customs man laughed, a deep, hearty laugh from a stout, comfortable man with a red face. He raised a fat hand. "Could you not have got one nearer home?"

"I could that. *And* a damn' sight less bother. But I didn't like to disappoint me cousin when he offered me one cheap. To hear him talk," Billy closed one eye thoughtfully at the fire; "to hear him talk ye'd think the brute'd win next year's National. Gilded Lily, he calls it."

The customs man laughed again. "It's queer the names people give things," he said. "Do you ever listen to the racing results on the wireless, or look at the names of houses in a strange town? I had an aunt who called her place Dream Cottage because it was a nightmare in the buildin'. But then she had a screw loose. Your Gilded Lily's probably dropping off its feet."

"It is not. It'll do the ploughin', and that's the main thing. Me cousin's to bring it to the border here at midday. Then I'll take it from him and ride home. Him and his Gilded Lily! Nothin' but a damn' nuisance."

The customs man got to his feet. "Wait a minute till I send this kid on her way. Have you anything to declare, miss? No? Are you sure? Right, on you go. And don't be trying to bring things back with you, or I'll have your life. Bless you, child, I was only joking. It's a fine day for the bicycle. Goodbye, now. Goodbye. Damn those cyclists. They'd plague the life out of a man, with their meat and their lipsticks and their bits and pieces!"

The border was not very busy that morning. A couple of cars, a cart and two more bicycles went through. Inside the hut we talked easily enough of this and that until loud through the window came the sound of a horse's hoofs.

"Here's your horse," said the customs man, stopping amicably in the middle of a long and complicated story about a man he knew in Londonderry.

"And me cousin, too. That's a brave mornin' Joe," shouted Billy, going out to the door, the customs man and me behind him. "Ye're late."

"Late, is it?" called Joe. "Glory be to God, and the sun not high in the heavens? Late nothin'." And he slid off the horse and stood in front of us. "Is it consortin' wi' the law ye are? Good mornin' sir."

"I hear he's goin' to win the National," said the customs man, pointing at Gilded Lily, a big, loose-looking animal with a stumpy tail.

"A better horse never walked on four feet. He'll not only win a race for ye, he'll do the ploughin' the day before to give the others a chance. Isn't he a fine beast now?"

"He is not," said Billy sourly, walking round the animal. "He's got a bad off-foot and a wicked eye. That's not the horse ye were goin' to sell me."

"It's the horse ye said ye'd take when ye saw him in my yard last month."

"Well, it must have been the effect of your yard or the other horses in it warped me judgment. Is that the Gilded Lily?"

"It is indeed. And as fine a beast as ye'll meet on a day's journey."

"For dear sake, will ye talk sense?" said Billy, getting red in the face. "For dear sake, what'd I do with a thing like that? Does he go?"

"Does he which?" asked Joe, taken aback. "Of course he goes. What d'ye think he is? A rocking horse?"

"I wasn't sure," said Billy.

Personally I couldn't see anything wrong with the horse; it was a very strong-looking animal. Still, the talk is all part of the sale in Ireland, although I was getting hungry and wished they'd hurry up.

"Are ye goin' to blarney here all day?" asked Joe, his voice rising as the customs man went across the road to examine another car. "My bus'll be along in a minute. He's yours for the thirty quid."

FOR a minute, I thought Big Billy was going to burst. "Thirty quid? He's not worth thirty pence. I'll give ye twenty-five as yer wife's mother's me mother's sister."

"Ye'll give me . . . ? Ye'll give me the thirty we agreed on."

"I'll do no such thing."

"Ye said thirty quid last month. Didn't I come down from forty to meet you, and it a sacrifice at fifty?"

"Twenty-five."

"Why ye great ugly gombeen." Joe wrenched himself out of his coat. "Ye'd make a bargain and then go back on it. I'll teach ye to bring me this far on a fool's errand——"

"For goodness' sake, boys——" I began, but Billy turned on me.

"You keep out of this."

"Don't be an idiot," I said. And then Billy winked. . . .

"Come on," howled Joe. "Are ye goin' to give me my thirty quid?"

"I am not," retorted Billy. "The brute's not worth his feed, never mind thirty quid. But if ye want a fight

Who's Next for £500 and Television?

TWO young housewives and a thirty-two year old bachelor, engaged to be married, have already had fine television sets installed by JOHN BULL as part of their big *Bullets* prizes.

The latest television winner is Mr. R. Harding, 30 Guilford Street, London, W.C.1. "This £500 is the first cash prize I've won," he told us, "and it was the first time I'd entered since before the war."

Another £500 and £100 television installation are now to be won for this week's best *Bullet*. It may be years since *you* entered a *Bullet*, but remember Mr. Harding's success and post your coupon by Monday, June 12.

Enjoying her *Bullets* television in her home at 49 Hawthorn Road, Kettering, here is £500 winner Mrs. J. D. Neal. "Pictures and sound are both excellent," she said. "A millionaire could not have better entertainment!"

Continued from next column

Holloway, N.19: TOUCH OF RED—TURNS "TRUE BLUE" PURPLE.

Above seven winners also receive Seaside Holiday for Two.

For ten winners of £2 10s. see "*Bullets*" *Bulletin* dated May 27.

50 Prizes of 10s. and 2,000 "Good Shot" Awards have also been posted.

"Bullets" Winners 1,730

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Continued in previous column

THE GILDED LILY

Continued from previous page

ye can have it. And don't say ye weren't warned."

And, ignoring me completely, the two of them danced at each other. "Now look boys, split the difference," called the customs man as he came back. "Why fight about it?"

"Not a penny more'n twenty-five," repeated Billy.

"Thirty pounds," said Joe.

The customs man looked at them both. "Are you going to waste your journeys this far? Say twenty-seven ten," he said. "Now come along into the office and we'll see what duty you'll have to pay for importing the animal."

And so, annoyed and still puzzled as to why I was there at all, I went home by bus. Billy rode home on the Gilded Lily.

FIVE months later an outsider romped home to win the Grand National. Its name was Gilded Lily.

I didn't see Billy for some weeks after this. I think he was probably keeping out of my way; and he was wise. But early in April there was a knock at my door. It was Billy and Joe. They were not alone. They had with them a very large policeman.

"It's like this," said the constable. "I wonder if you know anything about an animal called Gilded Lily?"

"Maybe I do. What for?"

"It's like this," said the constable again. "Last November Mr. McKee here bought a horse called Gilded Lily from his cousin, Mr. O'Connor. The animal had to be brought across the border from south to north. From Ulster it was sent to England and sold there for fifteen hundred guineas to an owner who entered it for the Grand National. And it won."

"I know," I remarked. "I had my shirt on Fancy Lad."

"Yes, but it's like this," said the policeman for the third time. "When the horse was declared at the border, the value placed on it was only twenty-seven pounds ten. It was obviously a false declaration and I am investigating in this matter of defrauding His Majesty's Customs."

"John," said Billy to me, "I've told him I didn't fix the price of the horse."

"And I didn't fix the price of the horse," echoed Joe.

"All right, all right," said the policeman. He looked at me. "Now, who *did* fix the price of the horse?"

But Billy and Joe replied before I could speak. "It was the customs man," they said.

"He was the only person to mention the figure twenty-seven pounds ten," went on Billy. "Isn't that so, John?"

I could only nod dumbly, with a dawning understanding of why I had been taken for a ride in the bus that fine November morning. THE END

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RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated July 1, and in JOHN BULL dated July 8, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

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Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

To Rebuild Europe
Old Adam
For All We Know
Planning
Uno's Fire-brigade
To Get Even
War Of Words
Fickle Fortune
Side By Side
From The Ruins
Left Alone
The Last Straw
Mystery Tour
At Her Mother's
Bitten
Auntie's Caravan
In A Shady Nook
Deceived Nobody
Lightning Bowler
The Waiter Bowed And

Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions

Science's .....
Those Who.....
"I'll.....'Em!"
Dare Not.....
Armed With A.....
There's.....Abroad, So

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "COMBINED," top left-hand corner.

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"Bullets," 1,735 (or Xword 687), "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

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FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one*, *two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues **XWORD 687**

1. There's little doubt the Chancellor is worried by this of things
3. Decent chap may be forgiven if he does this sometimes
6. Rivers have very often to be this by attacking troops
9. Kiddy whose dad keeps a sweet shop may perhaps get this of confectionery
12. Setbacks are bound to occur before a big one is really made
13. Bad egg is sometimes this in error
14. Certain amount of apprehension may be shown when passing one

Down Clues

2. Number of these can be bewildering
3. However good at his job, he gets little respect from average man
4. A good beating will do one no harm
5. Purse is sometimes made in this
7. Now and again there's something fishy about the way one starts in city
8. Sporting crowd likes to see good, hefty ones
10. One is sometimes lucky enough to come upon a self-sacrificing kind of person who is little concerned with
11. One purpose of this is to separate

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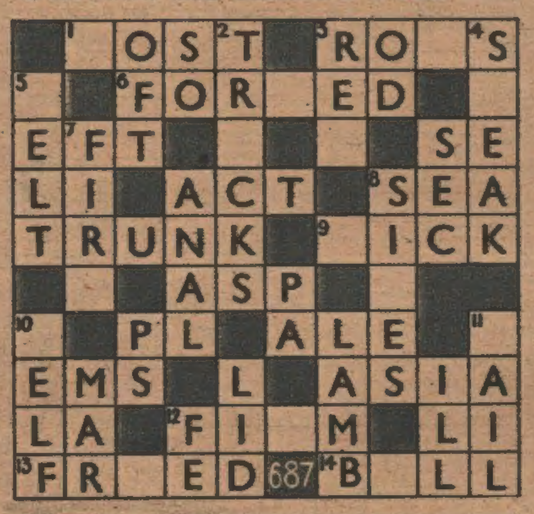

■	1	O	S	2 T	■	3 R	O	■	4 S
5	■	6 F	O	R	■	E	D	■	■
E	7 F	T	■	■	■	■	■	S	E
L	I	■	A	C	T	■	8 S	E	A
T	R	U	N	K	■	9	I	C	K
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10	■	P	L	■	A	L	E	■	11
E	M	S	■	L	■	A	S	I	A
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13 F	R	■	E	D	687	14 B	■	L	L

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
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In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.), Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Use ink, not pencil.

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Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

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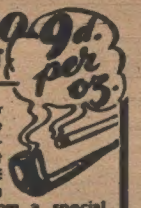

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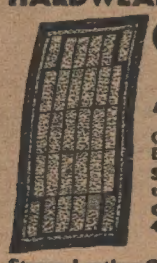

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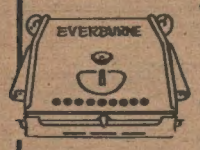

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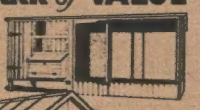

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